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NEW SERIES, No. 23.

THE

ANNUAL MONITOR

FOR 1863,

OR

OBITUARY

OF THE

MEMBERS OF THE SOCIETY OF FRIENDS

In Great Britain and Ireland,

FOR THE YEAR 1864.

L O N D O N :

SOLD BY A. W. BENNETT, (SUCCESSOR TO W. AND F. G. CASH,)

BULL, HUNTON AND CO., DARTON AND CO., AND E. MARSH:

THOMAS BRADY, AND GEORGE HOPE, YORK.

1864.





## PREFACE.

1297139

THE domestic bereavement, which, in the wise ordering of our Heavenly Father has lately been the portion of the Editor of this periodical, has entirely prevented him from devoting his time and attention to the preparation of the present volume. Under these circumstances, this duty has devolved upon the Friend, who last year rendered such assistance as lay within his power.

He has felt the weight of the responsibility which he has thus had to bear, but he hopes nothing has seriously suffered in consequence ; and he has been thankful that in the number of accounts sent for insertion, by persons very differently circumstanced, there is so much evidence of oneness of feeling as to that which is our true strength in life, and our support in the hour of death.



# THE ANNUAL MONITOR.

## OBITUARY.

	Age.	Time of Decease.
JOHN AIREY, <i>Guisborough</i> , Son of James Airey.	21	3 7 mo. 1864
JOHN ALBRIGHT, <i>Bootle, near Liverpool</i> . Rebecca Albright.	2 19	9 mo. 1864 Son of Henry and
EDITH ALBRIGHT, <i>Bootle, near Liverpool</i> . and Rebecca Albright.	8 23	9 mo. 1864 Daughter of Henry
WILLIAM WHITLARK ALBRIGHT, <i>Sheffield</i> .	45 2	3 mo. 1864
ANNA MARIA ALBRIGHT, <i>Sheffield</i> . Daughter of William W. Albright.	8 27	8 mo. 1864
WILLIAM HENRY ALEXANDER, <i>Ipswich</i> . An Elder.	64 14	1 mo. 1864
GEORGE REDMAN ALLEN, <i>Chelmsford</i> . Son of the late Joshua Allen.	18 31	1 mo. 1864

ROBERT ARTHINGTON, <i>Leeds.</i>	85	12	5 mo.	1864
JOHN ASHBY, <i>Croydon.</i>	57	1	8 mo.	1864
HANNAH MARY ATKINS, <i>Coventry.</i>	19	21	9 mo.	1864
Daughter of Arthur and Hannah F. Atkins.				
MARY ATKINSON, <i>Stockton.</i>	60	12	12 mo.	1863
EMMA MARIA BAKER, <i>North Shields.</i>	29	19	10 mo.	1863
Wife of Joseph Baker.				
REBECCA B. BAKER, <i>Birmingham.</i>	40	8	9 mo.	1864
Wife of George Baker.				
EDWIN BARNES, <i>Waterford.</i>	23	16	1 mo.	1864
Son of Thomas and Margaret Barnes.				
DEBORAH BARRETT, <i>Bristol.</i>	81	6	5 mo.	1864
Widow of Nathaniel M. Barrett.				
THOMAS CORNELIUS BARRITT, <i>Australia.</i>			2 mo.	1864
(Age not reported.)				
LYDIA SARAH BARRINGTON, <i>Fassaroe, Monkstown.</i>	23	29	1 mo.	1864
Daughter of Edward and Sarah Barrington.				

For some time before her death the delicate state of L. S. B's health caused much anxiety to her relatives, their hopes and fears alternately prevailing: yet true, refined and tender, her gentle Christian bearing, reflecting the life within, assured them that, at all events, it would be well with her. She did not say much, but she believed the gracious message of Divine mercy,

that God loves the sinner, and gave His Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should live for ever; and she began to enjoy more fully spiritual things for some time before her last illness.

Notwithstanding many difficulties consequent on change of residence in search of health, she always contrived to secure time for private retirement and prayer, both morning and evening, and no doubt this greatly assisted her in maintaining that watchful, patient state of mind, which characterised her. Although her natural disposition was retiring, her reserve gave way at the prospect of leaving those dear to her, and having had them called to her bedside, she addressed each separately, and encouraged them in the perusal of the Bible, telling them it was full, full of comfort; she bore also a clear and lively testimony to the nature and efficacy of the Christian's faith.

"There is only one way," she said, "it is the same thing that makes every one happy—every one—the Saviour is the only thing—I am the way, the truth, and the life, no one comes to the Father but by me."—*Mind it's the Saviour*—all the things that we have in this life are all for the sake of the Saviour. Think of the love He had for us when he died for our sins; we don't think

nearly enough of the love of the Saviour—Here we see only a little, but *there* we shall see how much. When I'm going I want you all to know, it is like the valley of the shadow of death, 'when thou passest through the waters I will be with thee'—it is like going to sleep with the arms that will never give way—rest, rest. Precious Saviour,—here we know only in part. There is not a shadow—give thanks—be very thankful !”

She lived some time after this, but to hear worldly matters, even spoken of, tired her ; Christ was her only theme. “ ‘ In Him doth all fulness dwell,’ if we have Christ, we have everything—everything,” she said, and added ; “ ‘ as having nothing, yet possessing all things.’ ” Her sister quoted the text. “ We are complete in Him ; ” which pleased her much, and she repeated it over again ; “ Complete in Him,” asking for the passage in Isaiah, (see LXI. 10.) about the robe of righteousness, and the garment of salvation, which the Bridegroom would give. “ Yes, ‘ Complete in Him.’ ” She also said, “ I'd like you all to know I am so happy ; the Saviour is *so* close to me, so close ! oh ! if you only knew what happiness there is *in Him*, you would not delay to come at all,—if you only knew ; ” adding the text,

“ ‘And ye will not come to me that ye might have life.’ ” “He has room for all,” she said at another time, “and how inexhaustible must be that love when such a little creature as I am has so much of it,—boundless love ! ”

JOHN THOMAS BARRY, 74 31 3 mo. 1864

*Hornsey.* An Elder.

MARY BASTIN, *Liskeard.* 87 30 7 mo. 1864

Widow of Jacob Bastin.

THOMAS BAYES, *Dalston.* 77 8 3 mo. 1864

ANNE BEALE, *Ballytore.* 73 5 3 mo. 1864

Widow of George Beale.

Anne Beale's latter days were so marked by a cheerful resignation and an abiding peace ; there was such an evident growth in grace as she drew near her “ Father's House,” that it is thought a few words of remembrance should be kept ; both as a token of the great love and tender compassion of the dear Saviour towards her, and with the hope that the perusal of the simple record may prove, if but to one aged pilgrim, a strength or a help by the way.

She was the daughter of Mungo and Mary Bewley, of Mountmellick, and to the last would speak with the tenderest affection of these loved parents ; whilst some years of her married life, spent in their house, were often recurred to with

pleasure. Her children, even in late years, have heard her recount, with tear-filled eyes, the tender thankfulness of heart which she experienced, as she listened to their infant voices repeating some favourite hymn or piece of poetry, while sitting on "Grandfather's" or "Grandmother's" knee.

Those children can also remember, when away from this dear mother at a distant school, what lessons of deep instruction were conveyed in her letters to them. And as they each advanced in years, it was still the same. Her letters to her absent ones bore testimony to her earnest endeavour to inculcate lessons of humility and truth, and of gratitude for their unnumbered blessings.

To her husband she was a true helpmeet, and seemed ever ready to become the cheerful, hopeful comforter. Many trials were permitted to them, but she bowed her head under these with Christian patience and fortitude. Many, too, were her blessings and enjoyments; these were received with humble thankfulness, for she looked upon herself as unworthy of the least of the Lord's mercies toward her. She survived this dear friend of her youth nearly twelve years; they were seldom separated for any length of time until his death.

She had many difficulties in bringing up a



large family, but that they should grow up with love to one another, and be useful in life was her constant aim.

For the poor around her, and for her servants she was ever thoughtful. She sympathised with them in their privations and trials; and when time allowed from the concerns of her own family, she would often use her needle for them, or in other ways lend them a helping hand.

The last two years and three months of her life were spent at Ballytore, a place endeared to her from childhood; the home of beloved relatives and friends. To her it was a sweet and peaceful retreat after the toils and conflicts of earlier life. Here she was visited by several attacks of severe illness, during which it pleased her Heavenly Father to lay low her mental powers, and she became helpless as a child; but a kind friend who often sat by her side in these times of trial and incoherent wanderings, has said that even then she felt instructed thereby; the dear sufferer showing, through all, that love and humility which had long been striking features in her character. During days and nights of restlessness and wandering, the reading of a chapter, or repeating of a hymn, were ever listened to with perfect calmness and stillness. At one

time when her daughters thought they had read her to sleep, she remarked, after a short silence, in her own natural voice, "Praise for evermore." "Oh, keep under the shadow—the shadow of Jesus Christ!" "Jehovah Tsidkenu—I ne'er shall be lost. I *used* to think it was presumption in me to say, 'I ne'er shall be lost.'" She took great pleasure in the above-named beautiful hymn, frequently telling those around her the meaning of the words "Jehovah Tsidkenu." At another short period of clearness and quiet, she said, "To sleep in Jesus—I did not fully know what this really meant until this sickness; Oh! read me everything about Him as my Saviour; I am such a transgressor." She then slept for a time, saying in an undertone on awaking, "Most happy!"

The months which intervened between these attacks of illness, were seasons of the greatest enjoyment to her; the brightest side of everything was ever before her view; a cheerful happiness beamed in her countenance, and such expressions as the following were very often on her lips, "How happy we are!" "How great are our comforts!" "What kind friends are we surrounded with!" "Oh, how can we be sufficiently thankful for all our blessings!"

With the commencement of the severe frost in Second month, dropsical symptoms appeared ; but the swelling seemed to inconvenience her so little, and was borne so cheerfully, that those around her gave utterance to hopes which had no place in her own breast. She did not express a contrary feeling in words, but it was evident that she was perfectly aware of the near approach of her end.

The last Seventh day of her life she evinced a deeper seriousness of expression, and uttered but few words ; towards evening her breathing became much affected, and at that time when speaking of her dear little grand-children, it was remarked that perhaps she might yet be spared to see them, to which she replied with a serious firmness, "Ah, no ! I have given them all up." In the afternoon of the following day, shortly after being loosely dressed, and, at her own request, assisted to her easy chair, she was seized with a very serious attack, when those around her thought the spirit was going to be suddenly called to appear before its God.

In about half an hour she began to revive, and in low tones, with a long pause between each word, she was heard to say, "I am come to the bounds of time, but I am ready ;" and soon after,

to her daughters, "Don't fret, but remember the promises!" She continued to revive, yet still it was thought she had but a few hours more before entering on her rest. She bade farewell to the mourners who surrounded her, with affectionate tenderness, sending messages of love to her dear absent ones, adding, "And tell them I am safe. Jesus said, 'in my Father's house are many mansions!'"

By nine o'clock that night she seemed quite as well as when she rose, and her eyes beamed with their accustomed brightness; she had some sweet sleep in the hours that followed, but she never arose from her bed again. The two following days and nights were passed in great quiet: constantly dozing, and arousing with expressions such as the following, "God is good!" "God is kind!" "I am ready!" "I am ready!" On one occasion, clasping her hands together, she devoutly uttered, "I thank Thee, Heavenly Father, for this peaceful exit from the world!" Then looking at those around her, she would at intervals say, "I am very happy!" "I am going home!" "Don't weep for me, I am going to my Saviour!" "Nearer leaving the cross, nearer gaining the crown!" all in such calm, sweet accents that those who

heard cannot forget them, and, knowing the ground of her confidence, rejoice in the consolation. She was particularly fond of the beautiful hymn, "Just as I am,"—and very precious is the remembrance of the feeling with which she would utter the words, "I come, I come!" Carey's hymn, "One sweetly solemn thought," &c., which has so often been alluded to in this periodical, was also a source of great pleasure to her. It was only during the last year or so of her life that she became acquainted with it; but its simplicity suited her, and fragments of it were frequently on her lips.

On Fourth day morning she had an attack of fainting, which continued at intervals for several hours; but perfect serenity never left her countenance, and her words, whenever she had power to speak, breathed the peace within. She again took leave of every one who saw her this day, and seemed longing to be with her Saviour. Some time after, she seemed to arouse from a short slumber, and looking up earnestly with an expression of indescribable sweetness, said, in low, solemn accents, "Oh the beautiful city!" Then with closed eyes she murmured "What a favour!" As the morning advanced she appeared better, and evidently felt so; but she could not unite with

the feelings of pleasure expressed at her improvement, and turning to one of her daughters, said, with deep sadness, "My heart is very heavy." On enquiring the cause, it was found the sadness arose from finding herself better, and thinking she was returning to life again, when she thought she had almost arrived at the gate of the city. Towards evening the dear invalid became quite reconciled to life, and said, "The Lord's time is the right time." Sweet peacefulness returned, and she asked to be raised on her knees that she might "give thanks." A little later on she was enabled to say in low, solemn tones, "I am forgiven."

The following day—her last on earth—she scarcely opened her eyes, yet showed she recognised each of those around her bed: her hands lay folded on her breast, with an expression of the most perfect repose; indeed, the repose which none but the Saviour can give seemed to be her entire covering. This state continued, with now and then loving counsel to her children, till within an hour of her close. A little after two o'clock that night it was evident she had reached the river's brink, and before the hour had passed away she was, it is humbly believed, safely landed on those shores

where sin and sickness and sorrow are never known.

“Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us, but unto Thy name give glory,” for “great and marvellous are Thy works, Lord, God Almighty, just and true are all Thy ways, Thou King of saints.”

GEORGE ARTHUR BEALE, 29 3 3 mo. 1864

*Cork.* Son of the late George T. Beale.

SARAH BEEBY, *Allonby.* 60 4 7 mo. 1864

Widow of William Beeby.

JANE BELLIS, *Dalston.* 60 16 1 mo. 1864

CHRISTOPHER BENNELL, 67 30 3 mo. 1864

*Sherrington, near Newport Pagnell.*

ROBERT BENSON, *Preston.* 84 3 2 mo. 1864

JOSEPH BENWELL, 80 9 7 mo. 1864

*Bristol.*

EDWIN BINYON, *Cartmell.* 24 17 11 mo. 1863

Son of Joseph Burt and Louisa Binyon.

MARY ANN BISSHOPP, 44 8 5 mo. 1864

*Capel, Surrey.* Died at Abbeokuta, Western Africa.

HENRY SWAN BISSHOPP, 30 12 5 mo. 1864

*Capel, Surrey.* Died at Abbeokuta, Western Africa.

ELIZABETH BLAKEY, 76 22 4 mo. 1864

*Bradford.* An Elder. Widow of John N. Blakey.

- ALICE REEVE BLOORE, 27 26 7 mo. 1864  
*Nottingham.* Daughter of Bowman Bloore.
- MARGARET BINNS BOWRON, 27 10 1 mo. 1864  
*Sunderland.* Daughter of the late John Bowron.
- ERNEST SAMUEL BRANSBY, 1 17 3 mo. 1864  
*Alton, Hants.* Son of Henry N. Bransby.
- ARTHUR BRIGGS, *York.* 6 23 1 mo. 1864  
 Son of John and Caroline Briggs.
- JOSEPH BRIGGS, 86 19 9 mo. 1863  
*Batley, near Dewsbury.*
- SARAH ANN BROOKE, 6 26 11 mo. 1863  
*Huddersfield.* Daughter of James and Elizabeth Brooke.
- CHRISTOPHER J. BROOKE, 3 20 12 mo. 1863  
*Huddersfield.* Son of James and Elizabeth Brooke.
- JOHN BROUGHTON, 88 12 2 mo. 1864  
*Rastrick, near Brighouse.*
- ANN BROWETT, *TeWKesbury.* 67 30 9 mo. 1864  
 Widow of Joseph Browett.
- CHARLES BROWN, 47 9 1 mo. 1864  
*North Shields.* A minister.

Charles Brown was the son of William and Mary Brown, of North Shields. His boyhood very early showed signs of the mental qualities that afterwards so conspicuously marked his



character. He was of an extremely lively disposition, and abounded in boyish energy, nor was he then affected by too great diffidence of his power, in attempting the accomplishment of any object that seemed desirable. Indeed there was, perhaps, no more significant indication of the moulding of his after character into the Christian likeness, than the almost entire passing away of this boldness of his early years, and the substitution in its place of a modest self-assurance, ready at all times to defer to the opinions and characters of others; and only showing this native quality of his mind in the courage with which, when convinced of their rectitude, he adopted opinions and practices opposed to those passing around him. In these years he was not, however, without his times of awakening to some sense of his obligations to the Author of his being, and when about fourteen years old, his mind was so opened by the power of the Holy Ghost to the weight of these, that he resolved to deliver himself up to them; and with characteristic behaviour openly announced his resolution. He was then at York School, and wrote to those at home that at length he had yielded himself up to follow the convictions of the Holy Spirit against which he had long struggled.

This, however, was almost the only instance in which he made any direct disclosure of his feelings with respect to his own spiritual condition ; neither, with one exception, does he seem to have left any written record of his personal progress in the course he had thus chosen. He kept a diary at some periods of his life, but it was little more than a simple record of the occupation of his time. It is therefore only by the light thrown upon it by his conduct, and by general references to it, either in conversation, or in his ministry, when he spoke of thoughts or feelings formed out of his own experience, that we can judge of it. During his later years, religious topics were often the subjects of his letters, either wholly or in part, but they contain very little reference to himself.

The resolution above recorded, it will be observed, was adopted at a time and under circumstances that were as likely to test his moral courage as any that could have been chosen during the whole of his life ; for, perhaps, such persecution as does now attend the profession of allegiance to an unseen Master, whose disciples are " not of this world," at least in the kind of society among which he moved, is nowhere so great as in a large boarding-school, or was so at

that time. He did not, however, hesitate to show to his schoolfellows that he had chosen the God of righteousness for his Guide through life, not only by endeavouring to uphold right and repress wrong, but by the open frequent reading of his Bible; getting by it the name of "Bible Charlie."

This was the beginning of that study of the Bible which, before many years were over, became his daily delight, and the source, through the gracious help of God's Spirit, of his strength and happiness. With respect to it he thus wrote about ten years afterwards, having just then become engaged to his future wife. "I have desired that the everlasting interest of each may be promoted by it, (their marriage,) and that we may prove helpmeets to each other in the road Zionwards, growing up with Christ Jesus in all things. And I have a confidence (I trust a humble one) that such will be the case; and that thus our connexion, far from ending with time, may be perpetuated through all eternity—a thought too great for the human mind to grasp. And, oh, that thus it may be with every relation now existing, or which may hereafter exist, that they may be enduring as eternity.

I desire, as conducive to these great ends, to read the Holy Scriptures with a more undistracted mind—a mind more turned to God in prayer for

His direction—to be more engaged in meditating on them when the book itself is not before me, to have a clearer knowledge of its contents, especially of the leading doctrines of the Gospel ; that these may be my consolation in every sorrow, and at all times my highest delight.”

To these means he adds those others by which Christian life is maintained : “ To dwell more in prayer and watchfulness, with a sense of the Divine presence on my mind, having my conversation more in Heaven, so that my outward deportment may manifest me to be a servant of the Lord Jesus ; to have my mind more stayed on God in our religious meetings, so that my spiritual strength may be renewed by them, as also in the family reading of the Scriptures.”

But these results, though earnestly sought, did not follow immediately. Though the resolution made in his school-days was, there can be little doubt, the turning point of his life, marking his deliberate choice of good and not evil, for the rest of his life—for his conduct never showed the slightest cause for suspicion that he ever abandoned this choice confessedly to himself—there is every reason to believe that he was subsequently disappointed in the expectations he had formed of the character of his new life, and that he found

it a great deal more like the old than he had anticipated. His knowledge of the actual necessities of human nature in the moral warfare, and the application of the principles of the Gospel to them was then very small—perhaps at that age necessarily so. What he afterwards wrote of his desires did indeed apply to himself in great part then. “I trust the deliberate and settled conviction of my mind has been for some time past, that if happiness is to be found here, it is in the service of God, and in the fulfilment of the purposes of our existence; which purposes are clearly set forth in the Gospel. According to this Gospel I would desire to live, and in its glorious hope to die.” But the happiness of such a course of life he for some time only very partially realized. He knew little of the real nature of the resolution he had formed, little more, probably, than that it was a resolution to serve God; but in what way the convictions of the Holy Spirit were to enable him to serve Him, he evidently did not comprehend; neither did he know the power of the temptations that lie in wait for one beginning such service; he did not doubt, however, that he could perform it in the strength God would give him; and a life thus spent he knew would yield him a present satisfaction, and a

reward hereafter that would far outweigh present self-denial. His boyish idea of the religious life he was to follow, taking little cognizance of the new *will* imparted by the power of Christ in the heart, working by love, was, in the main, this : he thought a conviction of what was right to be done, at all times, would be presented to his mind, and that by a simple act of resolution or will, dependent, however, on strength from on high, he would obey it. But he knew not the task-master, that he, or rather this supreme regard to moral law, was calling over his head ; and as all others have done before him in attempting to do it, he failed.

There is reason to believe that his deliverance from this state was very gradual ; whilst it lasted, his conduct was that which might have been expected from a character like his. It was marked by strict attention to all obvious moral duties, and manifested a constant endeavour to uphold a high moral tone in his conversation, and in his estimate of right and wrong. From that, and from the fearless expression of his opinion at all times when it seemed called for, his character was a conspicuous one in the social circle of young people in which he moved ; and his presence a check upon any conduct or conversation that

tended towards vice. But a true heart-allegiance to his God was yet wanting in him, and his native disposition being strong for mirth and the enjoyment of fun, he was apt to be carried away by the short-lived pleasures of frivolity, beyond those bounds which a due regard to our position as responsible creatures, living in a state of probation, places upon the indulgence of social mirth. His temptation to this was much increased by the enjoyment of other young persons in his company, to whom his high spirits and the humorous sallies with which his conversation abounded made him very attractive as a companion. Upon this, however, a natural reaction ensued;—natural, that is, to one whose highest desire after all was to serve God, and who always preserved to himself daily times for seeking His presence; and these hours of mirth had to give place to fits of depression in which he was made sadly to feel the want of true peace with God. In his search for this he would apply himself to give the closest possible heed to the monitions of conscience, scarcely trusting himself to enter the company of other young persons at all, yet without obtaining the object he so ardently longed for.

It was this experience that he was wont so frequently to dwell upon in his ministry after-

wards, contrasting this service "of the letter" to a task-master, with the devoted and loving service of a son, adopted through Christ to his Heavenly Father. At the same time he would show that this hard and imperfect service was the means — "our schoolmaster," (often using the Apostle's phrase) by which many are brought to Christ and into a *better* service. With the same feelings he looked back upon his early Bible reading, *then* undertaken as a sacred duty, but yet simply as a duty, and little if at all enjoyed, as the means of actually obtaining heavenly consolation or food for his spiritual wants; yet was it made the precursor of that after-reading which was his great enjoyment and solace, and it served to prepare him for it.

Brought thus under the good guidance of the Holy Spirit to a better knowledge of his need, he sought earnestly to learn from his Bible the way of access to God. Not now the companion of a solitary half-hour at the beginning of the day, it was open before him at any hour of it, and possessed by far the greater portion of his leisure. Thus a clearer knowledge of the great truths of the Gospel gradually found its way into his mind, and he was able to appropriate them to his spiritual wants.



He had become attached to one, who, though very young, was of a kindred spirit to his own ; and when about twenty-five years old, he obtained her consent to a union with him in marriage. This engagement, although the marriage was deferred for some time on account of age, appeared helpful in giving him increased steadfastness in pursuing the path of life he had chosen. At this time he thus set before himself the main objects he desired to achieve. " I would desire then by the help of God to renounce what I have too long desired, and through infirmity of purpose and force of natural blindness and corruption, what I do yet too earnestly and too frequently desire—the applause of men,—the fear of men,—the desire of human reputation of any kind,—all strife and vain glory. And in future I would desire to be actuated by the love and fear of God ; the love of holiness and virtue ; the love of eternal happiness ; by the dread of everlasting punishment ; and by the happiness which is to be found in directing the affections and powers of the mind, (sanctified in measure by the Spirit's influence) to their proper and elevated objects. This is what I know to be required of me, and this I would desire to accomplish. But for this purpose my own strength is utterly inadequate, and I would

solemnly commit the work into the hands of God, trusting to Him to accomplish it, and to perfect it in His own time. \* \* \* And I would wish to cast my earthly concerns on God, believing most fully in His promise to provide for those who put their trust in Him, using all needful care and industry. \* \* \* Oh! that the true spirit of self-sacrificing love may possess my breast, and be evident in all my actions and relations, especially to all those who are my kindred according to the flesh. Oh! that in temporal things I may prefer their advantage to my own, and may God be gracious and merciful to us all, uniting us in a perfect bond of brotherhood and peace."

He was married in 1843, to Jane, daughter of Robert Spence, of North Shields; but the union was of short duration, for in about three years his beloved wife was taken from him after a few days' illness, leaving an infant daughter to his charge. He bore his bereavement with patience and a cheerful resignation to the will of his God; but the years which followed were spent in much loneliness of spirit, his affliction being increased by heavy pecuniary trials which soon after befel him. There was a tendency to despondency in him, not unusual in dispositions such as his, and

the effect of this was sometimes to make the gravity which had now become natural to him pass almost into gloom. It had also some influence in hiding from him, in part, the gladdening aspect under which the relations of God to His redeemed people are presented to us in the Gospel, to which he was now looking more and more for strength and comfort. His christian character was, however, meanwhile maturing, and failed not to manifest itself in his deportment.

In the spring of 1852, he married again ; this union, with Emily, daughter of John Spence, of Wakefield, continued until his death. And now, aided, there is no doubt, by the cheerful aspect of his lot, his more intimate acquaintance with Him whom he could increasingly recognize as his Father in heaven, dispelled that tincture of gloom which had been apt to colour his thoughts ; and the gravity which, in its excess, was unwonted with him, gave place to the cheerful thankful condition of mind, that so eminently befits the man of God. His home delights, in the midst of, a now increasing family, were very great. He attracted also to himself in a still greater degree the love of his own family connexions, and that of an enlarged circle of friends. His conversation was much enjoyed by them, there being

often a terseness and point in his mode of expression, that, together with the exhibition of the humorous, inherent in his mental constitution, made all his words tell with force, and gave a peculiar interest to what he said. When any subject was touched upon, on which there was a difference of opinion, his opponents were pretty sure to feel the telling effect of these qualities, more especially when he saw in them an endeavour to justify opinions or conduct, in which a disposition to indulge any frivolity or culpable weakness was lurking under an attempt to make a fair appearance. As, however, there was never the least exhibition of ill humour, or a want of consideration for the feelings of others when he understood them, he never endangered mutual harmony by passing the bounds of goodwill.

His strongest characteristic, however, as manifested in argument, was his simple love of truth. He held no opinion on mere tradition, and possessing a mind capable of grasping all sides of a subject with which he took the pains to make himself acquainted, he frequently differed in judgment from some of his friends, in matters, not perhaps of very material moment, but in some of which these opinions had been long cherished, and were therefore dear to them. He was, neverthe-

less, fearless in expressing his own opinion, and though his natural courage made this easier to him than it would have been to some others, it arose more from his being without consciousness of any sort of self-seeking in maintaining it. What he tried to uphold was the truth, and whether that truth was welcome or unwelcome to his own personal feelings, or to those of others, was not to be allowed to interfere with the consideration of it. This was so manifest, that, accompanied as it was with marked deference for the opinions of those with whom he differed, it made whatever he advanced be well received, and entirely prevented it from exposing him to deprecatory remark. With young persons who are sometimes disposed to think that their elders deny them pleasurable amusements, from regard to merely conventional usages, this unbiassed advocacy of what he thought was right, tended to make him a favourite, and when, therefore, he sought to place restraint upon them, they were the more disposed to bow to his judgment. His manners were also such as to attract them to him; he had preserved, to a great extent, youthful sympathies, and thus could enter into their thoughts and feelings, and was ever a genial companion and friend to them. It was said of him, that he seemed to

stand as a connecting link between the old and young, enjoying the love and confidence of both.

He was very conspicuous for his large charity towards others—that charity which “thinketh no evil,” and which, when evil becomes matter not of *thinking* but of *knowing*, is filled with sorrow for its existence, and compassion for him who has committed it; thus, though himself irreproachable in his life from boyhood, he was most tender in judging the transgressor. He was always very jealous of the tendency of all conversation upon the characters and actions of others, knowing too well that social love can scarcely escape uninjured from it. That power of quickening conscience in others, possessed by good men generally, was eminent in him; and the most timid and vacillating disciple of virtue, ashamed of it sometimes in weaker men, saw in him only its excellence; whilst others could at once recognize in him the power of the Divine Workman in giving him that serenity and peace of mind which he strikingly possessed. And though, whilst oppressed with the cares of life, which often weighed very heavily upon him, he would confess that his heart often betrayed him in this, yet through all, he carried about with him a witness in his countenance and demeanour, to the truth, that “the work of

righteousness shall be peace, and the effect of righteousness, quietness and assurance for ever."

The belief that it would be right for him at some time publicly to minister to his brethren in spiritual things took hold on his mind very early in his christian course, and though he was not able until long afterwards to discern that the time had come for beginning the great work, it seems to have been a guiding object to him in the choice of the pursuits in which he employed his leisure. He saw very clearly the great importance of a thoroughly intelligent comprehension of the principles of the Gospel, and thought he perceived a want of this in the usual ministry of our Society, whilst he fully appreciated the value of its comparatively high spirituality.

Thus he was induced to make these principles more than ever his constant study, and the attainment of the knowledge of them the great end of all his reading and thought. Though he made himself acquainted with much of the religious writing published by men eminent for ability and piety, and, no doubt, derived much help from it, still it was mainly from the Bible that he sought his knowledge. He most fully accepted the great doctrine that it was God's Holy Spirit, only, who opened the mind to the reception of His

truth, and gave light to discern it, but the truth itself, he confessed to be the revelation which God has given of Himself, and His purposes with regard to man, in the Bible.

It was not, however, until he was about forty-three years old that he ventured publicly to address his friends as a minister. He well knew that the fitness of anyone to become the messenger of gospel truth to others, could only come from God; but he long continued to doubt whether the spiritual endowments necessary for this, and the command to use them, had been given him in their sufficiency. There is every reason to believe from what he has said, that this doubt was in good part removed by the increased feeling of Gospel liberty with regard to the subject of the ministry which has prevailed of later years in the Society, and of which he was himself a joyful participant, both as regards the appropriation of it to his own case, and also to that of others whom he gladly hailed as fellow-labourers with himself. The first time that he spoke in a meeting for worship was at the funeral of a little niece, quoting those words, "For we know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved we have a building of God, an house not made with hands eternal in the



heavens ;" adding, that as regarded this dear child, he humbly trusted there was no cause for fear, but it behoved each one to enquire, if the summons had been sent to him, would he have been prepared to meet it. His high consistency of character and his mental power being well known amongst the friends of the neighbourhood in which he lived, and his own meeting having been long without a resident minister, his ministry found a hearty reception from them ; and as he rapidly progressed in ministerial power it was very soon publicly recognized by the church. He seldom passed a meeting without speaking in both prayer and the ministry, and although he never travelled with certificate, he was often engaged in service in other meetings of the neighbourhood.

During the few short years—about four—in which he lived to make use of the gift bestowed upon him for the good of the church, he gave indeed "full proof of his ministry," taking heed that he might be instant in season and out of season, "according to the wisdom given unto him." His experience, moreover, of the wants he had himself felt in pressing after that rest which is promised in Christ, and the rich supply for these he had found in the knowledge of his

Redeemer, had made for him an abundant treasure house, out of which, when empowered by God's "anointing," he drew instruction for others. Hence arose those lucid expositions of various portions of the Bible that often characterized his sermons, and of the momentous relations which the truths of the Gospel bear to the necessities of the human soul in its strivings with evil, and in the weaknessess incident to flesh and blood. These exhortations he set before his hearers in earnest loving language, succinct and well-chosen, expressing his meaning with great clearness and precision.

He manifested great care lest any one-sided view on either hand should be taken of the relation in which Christ stands to us as our Redeemer. Thus, whilst the love and mercy of God to us in Him was always his glad theme, he would earnestly exhort his friends to take heed to their great responsibilities to Him, and to beware lest indolence, or a love of the world, might be keeping them back from a true devotion of soul to God. There was also, for so frequent a speaker, great variety in his addresses, and at the same time a marked unity was generally observable in their several parts, one line of thought running through them, and connecting each with the whole: whilst

his words, freed by his intellectual power and the individuality of his mode of thought, from all conventional or traditionally formed expressions, and coming fresh from the fervour of his own spirit, were the more calculated to tell forcibly upon the mind of the listener.

But his labours were beyond his strength ; he was living, to use the phrase he himself employed in speaking to the doctor during his illness, " too intense a life." His employments were various, and his business engagements, though leaving him a fair amount of leisure, were urgent in their claims upon him ; besides which, his untiring interest in all that concerned the welfare of his fellow creatures led him to take an active part in the general duties of citizenship. Thus, though he possessed naturally a good share of bodily strength, and generally enjoyed good health, it seems to have been gradually undermined, and when active disease seized upon his frame, he at once succumbed to it.

The First-day preceding that on which he was taken ill, he spoke in meeting with great solemnity upon our earthly idols, and expressed his fear lest any should be trusting too much to any earthly help and guidance ; dwelling upon the various idols man is prone to set up in the place of the one

true God. Afterwards he knelt down, and with more even than his wonted fervour, prayed that nothing might be allowed to come between those present and their God ; that if such was the case with any, if they were leaning upon any other arm than His, that he would take away the vain support, even should it be their dearest earthly treasure, rather than it should be allowed to separate them from Him. On the morning of the day of his death, alluding to this prayer, he said to his wife, “ It never struck me before in connexion with my illness, but that First-day, I never before felt such access in prayer ; I seemed carried away far beyond myself, but I never thought I should be the one stricken.”

The next First-day he was in usual health, but having spoken at some length in the afternoon meeting and been much heated, he caught cold in going home, and was soon after seized with a severe pain in the chest which proved to be an attack of pleurisy. The disease appeared to be subdued with the usual remedies, but his strength, which was at once completely prostrated, never rallied. From the character of his illness he was scarcely able to converse, nor was it till within about the last twenty-four hours of it, that real alarm was entertained for its issue ; thus very

little passed between him and the loved ones he was leaving, relative to the state of his mind. When he was told of the very serious aspect that his disease had assumed, he said to his wife: "Well, dear, I have not to prepare now; whenever I shall be taken, I shall find acceptance through Christ my Saviour." No fear of his after welfare ever rested on the minds of his friends, but it was a solemn warning to those about him that a man's last moments are no time to prepare for the great change. Strong as he had ever been in mental power, and his whole mature life a mastery of the spirit over the flesh, that hour, even to him, it was very evident, could have been no time for preparation.

As the final moment approached, he wandered in mind a good deal, but even then his thoughts were upon the work that He who had redeemed him had given him to do. He said he had a few words for the Friends of Shields, Newcastle, and Sunderland meetings: and fancying himself amongst them, addressed them for a short time with much of his usual tone and manner, and with very little appearance of mental aberration. At times he was perfectly clear and collected; on one of these occasions he said, "It will soon be finished, and then I will rest. They do rest from

their labours and their works do follow them.' "

Very soon after this he quietly ceased to breathe.

MARIA BROWN, *Taunton*. 58 5 5 mo. 1864

Widow of James Brown.

JOHN BUDGE, 77 17 7 mo. 1864

*Camborne, Cornwall*. A Minister.

When quite a young man, J. B. joined the Society of Friends, and was for many years a minister among them : he had previously been a member of the Wesleyan Society. In 1845 he joined Isaac Sharp, in a religious visit to the Scilly Islands ; and two years later they both accompanied E. O. Tregelles, in visiting Norway and Sweden. At different times J. B. was engaged in holding public meetings in his own county, in conjunction with one or two other Friends. He took great interest in the education of the poor in his own neighbourhood, by whom he was greatly beloved, and was a very frequent visitor at the British school in his native town, of which he was one of the managers. He also gladly gave his aid to the Bible and other Societies.

Early in 1855 he had an attack of paralysis, after which his voice was rarely heard in meeting. Six years later he had a second severe illness, and from that time seldom left his own

premises, but spent a good deal of time in his favourite occupation of gardening, which his declining strength did not oblige him altogether to abandon, until the winter preceding his death. In the beginning of the present year, he became increasingly enfeebled in body and mind, and, during most of the winter, he was greatly tried by excessive sleeplessness and restlessness. He would sometimes repeat, whilst weeping, Cowper's beautiful hymn :

" To Jesus, the crown of my hope,  
My soul is in haste to be gone," &c.

One morning he choose the 103rd Psalm, and when it had been read to him, remarked, though he had appeared to be dozing at the time, " I must try to follow the example of the Psalmist, and praise the Lord at all times." At another time when very restless from the state of his head, a chapter from the Bible was read to him, with the hope that it might soothe him, but without much expectation that he would be able to listen to it; the third of John was chosen, and when it was finished, he said : " He that hath the Son, hath life ; and he that hath not the Son hath not life ; I must commit myself to Him. I must cast myself, just as I am, on Him." He was re-

mind of the words, "Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out," "Yes," he replied, "He has mercy to impart to all who feel the want of it, and will not reject any sinner; I must trust myself wholly in His hands, and must not be afraid."

An increase of illness in the Fifth month still more affected the brain, and the state of his mind, from that time, might be described as "seeing in a glass darkly;" but his eyes were soon "to see the King in his beauty, and behold the land which is very far off."

"The King there in His beauty,  
Without a veil is seen;  
It were a well-spent journey,  
Though seven deaths lay between:—  
The Lamb with His fair army,  
Doth on mount Zion stand,  
And glory—glory dwelleth  
In Immanuel's land."

Redeemed by "the precious blood of Christ," he was before long to realize the concluding words of his favourite hymn:

"My Lord says, 'Come up hither,'  
My Lord says, 'welcome home!'  
My kingly King at His white throne  
My presence doth command,  
Where glory—glory dwelleth  
In Immanuel's land."



Early on a First-day morning, after three days of almost entire unconsciousness, without the slightest struggle he quietly breathed his last.

“ O change ! stupendous change !

There lies the soulless clod :

The sun eternal breaks ;

The new immortal wakes,

Wakes with his God ! ”

HERBERT BULMER, 6 23 2 mo. 1864  
*Middlesboro’*. Son of William and Elizabeth  
 Bulmer.

CYRUS CANDLER, *Leicester*. 77 17 11 mo. 1863  
 An Elder.

ELIZABETH CAPPER, *Bristol*. 82 1 3 mo. 1864  
 Widow of Samuel Capper.

EDITH CARKEET, 54 24 12 mo. 1863  
*Kingston, Surrey*.

HENRY CASSON, *York*. 61 2 12 mo. 1863

JAMES CHIPCHASE, 86 25 1 mo. 1864  
*Cotherstone*.

ISAAC CLARK, *Lancaster*. 69 30 8 mo. 1864

THOMAS CLARK, 70 26 5 mo. 1864  
*Bridgewater*. An Elder.

The name of Thomas Clark, the father of him whose death is here recorded, was well known to the former generation of Friends as that of a minister who laboured extensively in the service

of the Gospel, in Great Britain and Ireland. The subject of the present sketch was by no means so well known as his honoured parent, yet, in the circle in which he moved, it is believed that there were few who won a larger measure of love and esteem.

His attachment to the Society in which he received his birth and education, was evinced by the diligent services which he rendered through a long course of years to his Monthly and Quarterly Meetings, and latterly, as a member of the Meeting for Sufferings. There was, however, nothing of sectarian narrowness in the mind of Thomas Clark. The whole family of man, and the household of faith in particular, had a large share in his sympathies.

Although a man of retiring habits, he possessed a natural amiability of disposition, which, being renewed by divine grace, proved very attractive to those around him. To the young, in particular, the attraction was increased by his enthusiastic admiration of the beauties of nature. His acquaintance with the botany of Somersetshire, his native county, was probably equal to that of any of his contemporaries. "Greenness in old age" might be regarded as descriptive of the undiminished interest in such pursuits which marked

his declining years, and it is believed that such a description was equally applicable to him, in the far higher sense which relates to spiritual life and vigour.

The blessing pronounced by our Lord on the pure in heart may be said to have rested upon him in a somewhat unusual degree, but the ground on which he rested his hope of Divine acceptance was described by himself in the oft quoted words, "Not by works of righteousness which we have done, but according to His mercy he saved us," &c.

The reverent trust is entertained that this dear friend was "not presumptuous," as he himself said, when, a short time before his death, he expressed his hope that "the pearl gates would be open to him."

THOMAS COLE, 64 13 4 mo. 1864

*Rathmines, Co. Dublin.*

WILLIAM COLEBY, *Stratford*. 78 31 5 mo. 1864

ANNIE ABIGAIL COLLINSON, 31 27 12 mo. 1863

*North Cave, near Hull.* Daughter of John and Mary Collinson.

MARY COLLINSON, 58 12 5 mo. 1864

*North Cave, near Hull.* Widow of John Collinson.

MARTHA COOK, 60 24 9 mo. 1864

*Stoke Newington.*

RACHEL CORDER, 67 21 1 mo. 1864  
*Purleigh, near Maldon.* Wife of Charles  
Corder.

SUSANNA CORDER, 76 28 2 mo. 1864  
*Chelmsford.* An Elder.

In preparing a brief account of this beloved friend it is not intended to enter into many particulars of her life, but rather to record the goodness and mercy of her Heavenly Father, which followed her through all the course of her earthly pilgrimage.

Her early years were marked by much mental and bodily suffering; being of a remarkably sensitive nature, she was keenly alive to everything of a painful character in herself and others, and this subjected her to many trials.

She was early the subject of deep religious impressions, which, however, she long resisted. She indulged in light reading, and in pursuits which brought her into much sorrow and darkness, so that she became conscious that she was living without hope and without God in the world.

About the 20th year of her age she again experienced the gracious visitations of heavenly love; she was enabled to make covenant with the God of her life, and was then mercifully permitted

to feel her bonds to be broken, whilst a precious sense of the forgiving love of her Heavenly Father in Christ Jesus was granted to her. In some memoranda of that period she remarks, "that her peace flowed as a river," and "that she was often engaged in singing hymns of praise and thanksgiving;" those most gracious words being sounded in her soul, "I have loved thee with an everlasting love;" and so blessed and happy were the undisturbed hours of the night, that she often unwillingly closed her eyes for sleep. But this time of spiritual enjoyment did not very long continue uninterrupted: she learned that in the spiritual, as well as in the natural creation, there are changes of season wisely appointed; and from various causes, and especially from the illness of her tenderly beloved mother, she had to pass through much trial.

About this period she came under much conflict of mind on the subject of dress. Being anxious in all things to be conformed to the Divine will, she had made various alterations in her attire; and she gave way to such scruples that her mind was again brought into much distress. One evening, when alone, William Penn's words were forcibly brought to her mind, "That the manifestations of the Holy Spirit never con-

tradict right reason ;" and, in later life, she saw that the enemy of her soul's happiness had, at that time, gained an advantage over her, and that the bondage into which she had been brought was not the work of the Spirit of Truth. It was, however, overruled for good, she felt her heart humbled ; she became deeply convinced that if any man be in Christ he is a new creature, and that he will not be conformed to this world, that there will not be the inclination to gratify the vain mind by putting on useless apparel, and that as the law of the Spirit of Life in Christ reigns in the heart, it does, indeed, set free from the law of sin and death ; whilst under the holy restraining power of this law of the Spirit of Life, the yoke of Christ is found to bring into a blessed liberty, wherein there is an allowable use of those accommodations that pertain to our respective circumstances in life.

This cloud having passed away, our dear friend had a severe affliction in the death of her beloved parent, whose suffering course had been marked by much patience and resignation. After this bereavement, an impression, received twelve years before, that she should be called to a sphere of duty in which the training of youth would be a prominent occupation, was again forcibly brought

to her mind. She remained under this impression for some months, when she heard, apparently by accident, that the School at Suir Island, Clonmell, was in need of an efficient teacher, and she soon after was invited to accept the arduous post. In her memoranda she remarks that it was not undertaken without great conflict, but after much deliberation it appeared right to accept the offer, and she entered on the engagement in the spring of 1817. She remained in Ireland seven years, having had much enjoyment in her occupation. On her return to England she felt very desirous that a school in the vicinity of London should be established, as nearly as possible on the model of that at Suir Island, and, in a short time, there appeared an opening at Stoke Newington; she was encouraged to carry out her views, and the school was opened in the autumn of 1824. William Allen, who resided near, and who was deeply interested in the undertaking, most kindly devoted a considerable portion of time to the religious and scientific instruction of the pupils, and the education obtained was much blessed to many.

Soon after her settlement at Stoke Newington, Susanna Corder was appointed to the station of Elder: this office she filled through the

remainder of her life, much to the comfort and satisfaction of her friends. Having a remarkably clear and quick perception of Gospel truth she was eminently qualified for this weighty and responsible office. She was also appointed a member of the revising committee of the Morning Meeting, in which service she continued to be engaged during the remaining fifteen years of her residence near London.

Possessing superior talents, her pen was often usefully employed. She compiled a volume of "Memorials of Friends," and soon after, "A Brief Outline of the Origin and Principles of the Society" of which she was a member; after this, she compiled, with some assistance, memoirs of our beloved friends, William Allen, Elizabeth Fry, and Priscilla Gurney. Her last work was a valuable epitome of "Christian Instruction," especially intended for the young.

At the close of the year 1849 occurs the following memorandum, "My mind is induced at this time to take a solemn survey of life; the retrospect is accompanied by an abasing consciousness that I have, indeed, been altogether unworthy of the very least of the many mercies and deliverances that have been vouchsafed to me in the course of my journey through this vale



of tears. It was surely by an outstretched arm that I was, in the earlier stages, attracted from the paths of vanity, made willing to resign myself into the Divine Hand, and led to desire that I might faithfully follow Christ in the regeneration. I could experimentally say, as in the presence of God, 'My Father, Thou art the guide of my youth.' The flame of heavenly love has often since burned but very faintly, it has at times smouldered beneath the rubbish of earthly cares, yet it has never been forsaken by Him who did, in unutterable love, first kindle it in my bosom. He has, by mercies and by judgments, visited and stirred up these smouldering embers, and now that I approach, perhaps very near to the boundless ocean of eternity, I am permitted to feel a renewed and humble trust that through adorable mercy and grace it will never be extinguished; and, Oh! saith my soul, may it burn more brightly to that perfect day, when it shall merge into the exhaustless source of light and life and love. I have had in the course of my pilgrimage to encounter many vicissitudes, and to endure much tribulation. I have had to pass through evil report and good report; through prosperity and adversity; but now, as memory recalls these trials and temptations, I can measurably adopt

the language, 'For all I bless Thee, *most* for the severe.' It has, indeed, been good for me that I have been afflicted, and brought experimentally to know that tribulation worketh patience, and when meekly submitted unto, leads to the hope which is as an anchor to the soul, sure and steadfast. The backward glance over the path of life is not confined to what concerns my own best interests; those of the beloved Society to which I belong have also occupied my solemn meditations. Very affecting is the consideration that, from year to year, many of the valiants of Israel, have, in quick succession, been called from the battle-field, to receive, no doubt, that crown of life which the Lord hath in store for them that love Him; but deeply does the stripped Church feel the bereavement, yet are there still some raised up amongst us, whom the blessed Captain of our salvation condescends to clothe with heavenly armour, and to prepare for the sacred warfare, enabling them to espouse His holy cause, and to magnify His glorious name."

In Eleventh month, 1860, she wrote as follows. "I have now completed the 73rd year of my age; the consideration of it is solemn. I had not expected to be thus long an inhabitant of earth: the mortal tenement is feeble, and often exhibits in-

creasing symptoms of decay ; but how can I adequately estimate or record the mercies and blessings continued to me ! surely they are renewed every morning. I am enabled to look unto Him, who, I trust, was, in my youthful days, the Author of my faith ; will He not, if I cleave unto Him, be the Finisher of the all-important work ? ” She again wrote in 1861, “ Being prevented, by my lameness, from attending our mid-week meeting for worship, I have, in my solitary retirement, been led to recount some of the many favours that have, throughout my pilgrimage, been showered down upon me ; and although the present is a time of trial from various causes, yet I have still abundant occasion for deep thankfulness, because I can feelingly believe that He who was graciously pleased to draw my spirit to Himself in my youthful days, is mercifully continuing His care towards a poor, unworthy worm. How have I, this morning, recurred to seasons, when I was first led to make covenant with my Heavenly Father, in the language of Jacob at Bethel, and when the promise was impressed in the secret of my soul, ‘ In blessing I will bless thee, and in multiplying I will multiply my blessings upon thee.’ How feebly and imperfectly have I kept my covenant ! but how wonderfully

has the Lord Almighty fulfilled His word unto me! truly He has never failed! He is, indeed, a covenant keeping God. Oh! for ability to praise and magnify Him for ever!"

The last time our dear friend was able to assemble with her friends for public worship was on the occasion of her Quarterly Meeting in 12th month last: she was then far from well, and very soon after symptoms of serious indisposition appeared, when it became evident to those about her that her feeble frame could not long sustain the weight of disease, and that her life was drawing to its close. She had to pass through much suffering during her illness, but she was preserved in great patience; and though unable, from extreme weakness, to give much expression to her feelings, it was evident that her mind was stayed on her God and Saviour.

She remarked that it had not been given her to see how her illness might terminate, but she added, "I have not one anxious thought." When some relief from most acute pain was obtained, she expressed in a very touching and impressive manner her deep thankfulness, adding, "'He knoweth our frame, He remembereth that we are dust;' that was a struggle between life and death."

It was striking to witness throughout her illness her deep self-abasement; she was bowed as in the dust, and on one occasion, said, "It is all of mercy, I have nothing else to trust to. not one *shred* of my own: I am only a poor unworthy worm." At another time, she added, "Nothing in my hand I bring, simply to Thy cross I cling;" and on another occasion, "Weak as I am, I strive to look to my Great Helper."

She was very grateful for every effort to soothe and alleviate her intense suffering; she would often remark that she hoped she did not seem impatient, that she tried and prayed not to be so, adding, "If I am, I hope you will forgive me." On being reminded of the promise "As thy day, so shall thy strength be," she said, "And is it not so? I know it is, if not I could not bear it." In this patient and resigned state she continued, till she quietly passed away, we rejoice in believing, to be for ever with the Lord.

JANE R. CORDER, *Ipswich*, 1 13 7 mo. 1864

Daughter of Frederic and Jane Corder.

ELIZABETH CORNISH, 17 24 7 mo. 1864

*Redruth*. Daughter of the late Charles Cornish.

Elizabeth Cornish was the daughter of the late Charles and Eliza Cornish of Redruth. She was of a delicate constitution from her childhood, but

towards the end of 1863 her health appeared so much to improve, that her near relatives were induced to hope she might be for many years a comfort to them. In the early part of the present year, however, a severe cough caused them much uneasiness, and proved the beginning of the illness which terminated her life.

By her open and cheerful disposition she had endeared herself to a large number of friends and acquaintances, and especially to the teachers and scholars of a large First-day school, in which she took a deep interest. Once, when speaking to her aunt about the school and the Scripture lessons, she remarked, "I am thankful I always set a high value on the Scriptures, and should it please the Lord to raise me up, I should feel a deeper sense of their importance and value."

As her disease, which was consumption, increased, it was evident that she was passing through great conflict of mind. For some time she was unwilling to hear anything said as to her danger, evincing a great desire to live; yet, through all her sufferings, which at times were great, she showed, by her quiet and patient manner, that she looked for help to Him from whom alone it could come. To inquiries from some anxious friends as to the state of her mind, she

was very reserved, saying "I cannot state more than I feel, and I do not feel prepared to die."

On Fourth-day morning, 6mo. 29, she was taken much worse; a sense of suffocation came on which lasted two hours. On seeing those around her looking grieved, she said, "Never mind, I shall be better soon—pray for me that my patience may hold out. I never felt like this before." In the course of the morning, as one of her aunts was sitting by the side of her bed, she said, "Dear aunt, I am not recovering from this attack as on previous occasions;" and then she lay for some time as if engaged in earnest thought.

In the afternoon of that day she broke forth in a remarkable manner, saying, "Now my tongue is loosed, I can now declare what the Lord has done for my soul." And with her face beaming with joy, she exclaimed, "Sweet Jesus, dear Jesus, who died for me—I, who have done nothing for Him! He has done all for me! How wonderful! wonderful! I love you all more than ever; I love every one. I can see the Pearl-gates opening, and the blessed Saviour waiting for me. I want to go to Jesus. I want you all to go;" and stretching out her arms, she said, "Oh, that I could take you all with me, then we should be a happy family in Heaven together." She con-

tinued in this strain with praises for some hours.

Later on in the week, feeling herself a little recovered, she occupied herself in arranging some of her things, and in giving away a few tokens of remembrance. When this was done, she said, "I passed through much before I was able to do this, but Jesus is with me, or I could not have done it. I believe I have nothing more to do now but patiently to wait the Lord's time. I have been too anxious to be gone. The Lord's time is the best time, I feel it so."

On her uncle's remarking how thankful they were to see her in such a resigned state, and what a mercy it was, she replied, "The fear of death is taken away from me: I look forward to it with joy. When I pass through the valley of the shadow of death, I shall fear no evil, for Thou wilt be with me; Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me. My hope is in the mercy of God in Christ Jesus."

One morning, on her only sister's coming beside her bed, she clasped her arms round her neck, and said, "Dear Edith, darling Edith, thou wilt meet me in Heaven—won't thou."

Seventh month, 21st, was a day of much suffering, mentally, as well as bodily. She desired those around her to pray for her, the



enemy was trying to cast her down. She was told that Christians were tried even to the last, but not forsaken, "Oh!" she replied, "I want to feel Jesus near." After a time of solemn waiting, with a sweet smile, she said, "I feel comfortable now. Jesus is near, I cannot live long without Him."

"I would be like an angel,  
And with the angels stand;  
A crown upon my forehead,  
A harp within my hand;  
Then right before my Saviour,  
So glorious and so bright,  
I'd wake the sweetest music,  
And praise Him day and night."

After having the whole of the hymn read to her one day, she remarked on its solemn import, and said none ought to sing it who were not prepared to adopt it. It felt to her it would be sinful to sing the words with an unprepared heart.

When the medical attendant came into the room, she thanked him for his great kindness to her during her illness, and on his feeling her pulse, she wished to be informed what he thought about her. On being told, her face beaming with joy, she said, "How pleasant! I shall be home soon—I want to go home—I am going a long journey—I am going to be with my Saviour."

On First-day morning, very early, she requested her aunt to read the 14th of John, and after a little silence, said, "I shall soon inhabit one of those mansions. My Saviour is waiting for me." Feeling her hands growing cold, she asked to have them rubbed, and wanted to know how long she might continue. On being told she was thought to be nearly home, she clasped her hands, and said, "Glory! glory!" Soon after, she quietly breathed her last, and entered, as those who watched her undoubtingly believed, into the joy of her Lord."

ROBERT COTTAM, 79 1 2 mo. 1864

*Scarborough.*

SAMUEL COWARD, *Penistone*. 87 24 2 mo. 1864

ABRAHAM CRAWLEY, *Alton*, 68 11 5 mo. 1864

*Hants.*

GEORGE CROSFIELD, *Aigburth*, 16 19 9 mo. 1864

*near Liverpool.* Son of Henry and Elizabeth Crosfield.

MARGARET JANE CROSBY, 24 28 12 mo. 1863

*Sunderland.* Wife of Thomas Crosby.

ELIZABETH ANN CUMINE, 73 18 5 mo. 1864

*Stoke Newington Road.*

JOHN WRIGHT CURTIS, 50 27 4 mo. 1864

*Alton, Hants.*

JOHN DALE, *Aldhurst*, 70 5 3 mo. 1864

*Surrey.* An Elder.

MARY DALE, *Aldhurst*, 63 1 5 mo. 1864  
*Surrey*. Widow of John Dale.

EMILY JANE DARTON, *Stoke* 27 23 11 mo. 1863  
*Newington*. Daughter of T. G. and M. E.  
 Darton.

HELEN MARIA DAVIES, 5 26 11 mo. 1863  
*Liscard*. Daughter of Samuel W. and  
 Elizabeth Davies

ELIZABETH DAVIES, 63 12 12 mo. 1863  
*Liscard*. Widow of Richard Davies.

WILLIAM PERKINS DAWES, 5 30 11 mo. 1863  
*Plaistow*. Son of Benjamin and Caroline  
 Dawes.

ELIZABETH DEANE, *Clapham*. 83 7 3 mo. 1864  
 Widow of Moses Deane.

HANNAH DIX, *Tivetshall*, 54 17 1 mo. 1864  
*Norfolk*.

This friend was a daughter of the late Robert  
 and Elizabeth Dix, of Dickleburgh.

In her youth and early womanhood she was of  
 a very lively turn of mind, and many things of  
 this world were to her sources of continual and  
 joyous attraction; but in the year 1834, an acci-  
 dent occurred, by which her spine was seriously  
 injured; and from that time forward, she had to  
 be kept constantly in a reclining position, either  
 on the bed or couch, through seasons of great

pain and nervous irritation ; nor was she able ever after, to sit up for one hour's length at a time.

Under this heavy affliction, which changed all her former habits and pleasures, it pleased her Heavenly Father in His matchless love, through Jesus Christ, to make hard things comparatively easy to our beloved friend, by the sense given to her of God's great love, and of the sustaining power of His grace.

She was able to occupy her time in reading and mental cultivation, and her fingers in writing to numerous correspondents ; also, in knitting, by which she gave many tangible proofs of love to her friends.

It was a source of much enjoyment to H. D. to receive visits from those she loved, by her couch or bed-side ; and such can bear ample testimony to the sweet character of her mind, and to the comforting influence which religion exercised over her soul.

There were times, nevertheless, when she had much mental conflict to pass through, but her faith in her Saviour's love, and in His sacrifice for sinners, was strong and unwavering ; as she frequently testified to others by her supplications and the exercises of her spirit.

The following extracts from a letter written by H. D. to an intimate friend only a few weeks before her decease, express her own feelings very forcibly.

“I have often thought, even to-day, as I did yesterday, of 11 mo. 20, 1834, when I met with the fall, just before going, *as I thought*, to our Monthly Meeting at Tasborough.

I have not gone to Meeting, nor sat up for one hour at a time, *since that day*, but through a Heavenly Father's unfailing love, I have not been forgotten, nor forsaken.

‘Matchless mercy, hitherto,  
Has interposed, and brought me through;  
And has enabled me to raise,  
At times, the secret song of praise.’

It does seem marvellous to me, that, throughout all these years of comparative helplessness, and often much suffering, I have never been permitted to want for any needful comfort, and what a blessed privilege it is to be at times enabled to to turn to the stronghold as a ‘prisoner of Hope.’ Oh! surely ‘I had fainted, unless I had believed to see the *goodness of the Lord*.’

‘Good, when He gives, supremely good,  
Nor less when He denies,  
Afflictions in His sovereign hand,  
Are blessings in disguise.’

I do desire most earnestly that the long chastenings of a Heavenly Father's hand may not be lost upon me ! while I yet feel deeply at times, how weak, how very unworthy I am of every blessing ; and when I think how long I have been laid in the furnace, and how very much dross still remains, I am ready at times to query, Is it possible that such a one can indeed be purified and made ready for that bright inheritance upon which some very dear ones have entered, who also have lain in the furnace, and been sooner purified by Him who watches the refining process ?

Oh ! to be fully prepared through redeeming love and mercy !

It is all of mercy ; ' By grace ye are saved, through faith, and that not of yourselves, it is the gift of God ! ' Other refuge have I none but in the merits and intercession of a precious Redeemer who is our all prevailing Advocate with the Father : and yet I do desire to be, to suffer, and to do all that may be required as an evidence of love to Him who suffered for us, that he might present us faultless before His Father, clothed in the spotless robes of His own righteousness. Oh ! what a precious Saviour He is and has been to those whom he has taken to Himself, where they behold His glory.

'Who stand before His Father's throne,  
 Their toils and conflicts o'er;  
 Redeemed and washed, they dwell with Him,  
 And shall be tried no more.'

How sweet it is to think of them where they are, while at times they seem inexpressibly near to us, and not less dear. The sweet memories of the past seem to come almost like greetings from the spirit's home in Heaven, with sweet encouragements to press onward and upward."

A few days before the close, H. D. sweetly expressed her sense of the many mercies of her Heavenly Father towards her, and seemed permitted a foretaste of the joys for which she ardently longed, and which it is firmly believed she now enjoys for ever. Her end was peace.

ELIZA DODSHON, *Stockton.* 23 19 10 mo. 1863

Daughter of John and Elizabeth Dodshon.

JOHN NEHEMIAH DUCK, 43 26 9 mo. 1864  
*Bristol.*

MARY ABRAHAM DYMOND, 66 10 1 mo. 1864  
*Bristol.* Widow of George Dymond.

ANNE PRISCILLA DYMOND, 61 28 4 mo. 1864  
*Exeter.* Wife of Robert Dymond, Sen.

MARY ECROYD, *Marsden.* 1 10 10 mo. 1863  
 Daughter of William Farrer and Mary Ecroyd.

- ANNE EDMONDSON, 65 19 11 mo. 1863  
*Queenwood, near Stockbridge.* Widow of George Edmondson.
- ELIZABETH EDMUNDSON, 61 19 6 mo. 1864  
*Birmingham.* Widow of Joseph Edmundson.
- ARTHUR ROBINSON ELGAR, 9 21 9 mo. 1864  
*Canterbury.* Son of John and Elizabeth Elgar.
- MARY EUSTACE, 69 28 1 mo. 1864  
*Glasnevin, Co. Dublin.*
- CHARLES B. EVANS, 10 7 3 mo. 1864  
*Weston-Supermare.* Son of Charles and Mary Jane Evans.
- ELIZABETH EVENS, *Hackney.* 90 7 6 mo. 1864  
 An Elder.
- ANNE EVERETT, *Croydon.* 79 6 12 mo. 1863
- SUSANNA FARDON, 88 7 4 mo. 1864  
*Sibford Ferris.* Widow of Thomas Fardon.
- JANE FARDON, *Droitwich,* 15 19 5 mo. 1864  
*Worcestershire.* Daughter of Joseph and Catherine Fardon.
- MARY ELIZABETH FARRAND, 3 30 8 mo. 1863  
*London.* Daughter of John and Rachel Farrand.
- ELIZABETH PIM FAYLE, 23 13 3 mo. 1864  
*Clonmel.* Wife of Benjamin Fayle.
- SARAH HANDS FEARN, 79 9 2 mo. 1864  
*Folkstone.*



ELIZABETH FELL, 72 24 1 mo. 1864

*Warrington.* Widow of Joseph Fell.

JOHN FISHER, *Huddersfield.* 56 21 7 mo. 1864

CALEB FLETCHER, *York.* 80 26 7 mo. 1864

An Elder.

Quiet and retiring in disposition, and little disposed to speak of his own experience, even to his nearest connexions, Caleb Fletcher's christian character was best known to those around him by his watchful, humble walk in daily life, by the warm interest he took in the prosperity of our religious Society, and by his steady, consistent endeavour to promote the temporal and spiritual good of his fellow creatures.

A copious journal, which he has left behind him, reveals much of his inner mind. There we see what were the motives which influenced the life and conduct, and what was the source of that consolation which sustained him under severe trials.

It does not appear at what age he first became awakened to the importance of his soul's eternal interests, but when quite a young man, he writes as one earnestly desiring to devote himself wholly to the love and service of his Heavenly Father.

Fourth month, 1st, 1803, he writes, "The Lord shall be my God, and Him will I endeavour to serve in secret all the days of my life.

“My thirst after righteousness is frequently great, and I often long that I may keep my feet in the narrow path of virtue, and that the Lord may be the mainspring of all my actions. I have many things to pray for, both temporal and spiritual, but above all, Oh! my Heavenly Father, *may I stand*. Oh! that I may have but one God, and that it may be the first object of my care to do justly, to love mercy, and to walk humbly with my God.”

Eighth month, 1810. “Many have been the buffetings of my poor mind, on various accounts, for some time past, yet I have also sometimes experienced great consolation. Oh! what desires are often raised in me that all these exercises may conduce to my ultimate peace. Oh! that I may ever feel sufficiently sensible of the many favors I enjoy, that I may keep a steadfast eye to the incorruptible kingdom, and that I may feel the consolation arising from a well grounded hope of a seat therein!”

Fourth month, 25th, 1814. “In a retrospect of my life thus far my heart feels prostrated in deep and humble thankfulness, and adoration of the Most High, under an increased conviction of His condescension and of His superintending care. Oh! with what emotion does my mind recur to

those various sensations, as well as the causes of them which engaged me in former times. My sufferings, my consolations, my hopes, my fears, my supplications at the Throne of Grace, and my immersion, at times, into the ocean of His love, are still fresh in my remembrance, affording me much satisfaction and encouragement. Oh ! may I ever be preserved in humility, ever deeply sensible of my dependence upon the mercy and superintending goodness of my Heavenly Father, nor ever forget to adore Him for His wonderful loving kindness."

Second month, 23rd, 1817. "My distresses, new and old, are only known to Him who alone can, in His own time, availingly say to the billows, 'Be still!' who alone can say to the ministering angel, 'It is enough.' If these trials are to purify us and promote our religious improvement, the desire of my heart is, that it may have its perfect work."

First month, 10th, 1819. "O, Thou who knowest the hearts and secret thoughts of the children of men ! Thou whose goodness and mercy endure for ever, be pleased to draw me towards Thyself with the cords of Thy love, that whilst I am pursuing my lawful and necessary avocations, my mind may still be centred upon Thee, that Thy

glory, the good of my neighbour, and the final happiness of my own soul, may still be the objects of my chief concern."

Twelfth month, 27th, 1833. "Whilst engaged in my secular affairs, whilst feeling satisfaction in the belief that these are not opposed to the Divine will, Oh! may I be enabled to feel my mind untrammelled by them; may nothing be suffered to choke the good seed of the Kingdom, but that it it may grow and bring forth fruit to the peace and joy of my soul, and to the glory of my Heavenly Father."

Second month, 19th, 1840. "May I be preserved from an undue love of the world, in whatever shape the temptation may present itself; and O my Heavenly Father! may I, in all my movements, have an eye to Thy will, and to Thy blessing upon them."

Eighth month, 19th, 1852. "At my age it would be pleasant to feel stronger and brighter views of the life to come; perhaps it is seen best for us to walk by faith, simply, humbly trusting in the love and mercy of God in Christ Jesus."

In the Tenth month of this year our dear friend suffered a deep domestic affliction in the death of his only son, a young man, who from his kindly disposition, settled religious principle, and con-

sistent actions, was much beloved at home, and generally valued and esteemed. In reference to this loss, his father writes, "He has been a comfort to me, and I had hoped that he might have been a prop to my old age: Oh! may I be able in sincerity to say, the will of the Lord be done, and blessed be His name."

In 1854, C. Fletcher retired from business. On the First of Fourth month, he writes, "I am now withdrawing from the trials and cares of business, and my accumulating infirmities show that the step has not been taken prematurely. Oh! that I may be preserved from taking up a false rest—a false security—a false peace. I long for an increase of faith, of hope, and of love to God and man."

Seventh month, 9th, 1856. "My sands are fast running out; Oh! that I may be able to bear up, looking in steadfast faith, and hope, and patience to Him who was lifted up for the healing of the nations."

First month, 31st, 1857. "Oh! the intensity of my feeling of unworthiness before God. I am at a loss how to account for this depth of feeling, unless it be to drive me to a more due appreciation of the mercy afforded in Christ Jesus."

Sixth month, 16th. "I am this day seventy-

three years old. The fact gives rise to solemn thoughts, whether they are directed to the past or the future. As to the past, I see much to regret, especially of what has been omitted, but I have much to commemorate of goodness and mercy. I would almost venture to say, 'Thy rod and Thy staff they have supported me.' As to the future, I generally look forward without dismay, I think I may say with some degree of hope, but the longer I live, the more I feel, as many have felt before me, that all is of mercy."

Ninth month, 11th. "This seems to be a time of revision in our Society. Lord, grant that all may be done in Thy right and Thy wisdom, and that all may issue in sound revival and purification."

"How wonderfully I am preserved in life and health and comfort! Bless the Lord, O my soul! My time, however, will come, and oh! is my name written in the Lamb's Book of Life?"

Seventh month, 5th, 1861. "The probability of life is becoming increasingly small with me, being now within a few days of seventy-seven years of age. May I be enabled to look forward to the final change, in strong faith, in lively hope, in peace and holy resignation; but I often feel scarcely able to attain to this state of mind, or

that sense of union and communication with my Heavenly Father, or of His pardoning love and mercy in Christ Jesus, which my soul desires."

Seventh month, 19th, 1862. "My state of health, and strength, and activity, at the age of seventy-eight seems wonderful to myself, and my immunity from pain and sickness and mental disturbance from without, one cause of great love and gratitude, but oh! to how little purpose have these years been spent! this reflection is a cause of deep humiliation, morning by morning, and evening by evening. Lord, be merciful to me! I stretch forth my hands unto Thee."

Eighth month, 20th. 1863. "Dr. Chalmers on entering upon his 'seventh decade of life.' remarks that it should, if possible, be turned into the Sabbath of our earthly pilgrimage, and spent sabbatically, as if on the shore of an eternal world, or in the outward courts, as it were, of the Temple that is above—the tabernacle in Heaven. This used to be somewhat my feeling in looking forward to the possibility of prolonged life. I am now approaching the ninth decade, and what are my impressions in the retrospect? chiefly regret at having realized so little of the privilege. Well, leaving the things that are behind, may I, in this my eleventh hour, be enabled through Divine grace

more earnestly to reach forth to those things which are before, and to press towards the mark for the prize of the high calling in Christ Jesus."

Third month, 31st, 1864. "Some chronic weaknesses, which have remained for some years in much the same state, have recently been increasing. On two occasions the thought involuntarily flashed across my mind that my days may be drawing near the close. These occasions were not accompanied by any depression of mind, but rather by a sense of sweetness. Lord preserve me from taking comfort in any fallacy!" :

After this date, the indications of declining health gradually increased, but in looking forward there seemed no anxiety, and at one time, when conversing on the great subject of preparation for the life to come, our dear friend emphatically said, *all was peace*, and when, at length, he became fully aware that the end of life was at hand, there was good evidence to those around him that he had not, indeed, "been taking comfort in any fallacy."

He was kept in great calmness, patience, and sweetness of spirit.

He spoke with his wonted diffidence and caution of himself and his own prospects, and said he longed for more full and clear evidence of his



acceptance with God. But whilst deeply feeling that he had nothing of his own on which to rest his hopes, it was given him in humble faith and confidence to trust in the full and free mercy of God in Christ Jesus.

He remarked on one occasion that he had several times, of late, taken a review of his life, and had brought all his deeds to the foot of the cross. There having found the pardon of his sins, he was permitted, in the last hours of life, to have a precious sense of the fulness of those words of our Holy Redeemer—"Peace I leave with you ; my peace I give unto you: not as the world giveth, give I unto you. Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid."

JOHN FOSTER, *Luton*. 83 8 3 mo. 1864

#### A Minister.

John Foster was born at Newton Morrell, near Bicester, on the 11th of Fourth month, 1781. His parents were members of the Established Church; but as his father died during his childhood, the early training of the family devolved upon the widowed mother, who seems to have been a thoughtful, seriously disposed woman. He was apprenticed to a chemist and druggist at Basingstoke, where his steady conduct, and diligent attention to business, gained him the confi-

dence of his employer. It was during this period that he attended the marriage of his brother Oswald, who had previously joined our Society; and he was there so powerfully impressed by the ministry of our late friend Thomas Shillitoe, that from that time, he so far attached himself to Friends, as to continue a regular attender of their meetings, although the one then held at Basingstoke was very small, and mostly without vocal ministry.

The change in John Foster's views which led him to adopt this course, was not sanctioned either by his surviving parent or by his master. Feeling it, however, to be the right path for him, he was strengthened steadily to pursue it, although in addition to the trial sustained by the displeasure of his mother, pecuniary loss had to be borne, from the prejudice imbibed by another relative on the same ground. After the expiration of his apprenticeship, he passed some time as an assistant at Plough Court, and also with Thomas Shillitoe, at Tottenham, in which situations his religious principles were doubtless nurtured by the kind care of his "elders in the truth."

About the year 1805, he settled in business at Luton, where he continued to reside for the remainder of his life. He was received into membership with Friends in the following year, and

appears to have been henceforward a regular attender of meetings for discipline, and to have become, in various ways, a useful member of their little church. To its interests he was ever ready to devote his time and talents throughout his lengthened course, and there is abundant evidence from his earlier memoranda, that he desired not to stop short of a full surrender of his whole heart to the disposal of his great and good Master.

In the year 1812, he was united in marriage with Hannah Wallis, of Basingstoke. There is reason to believe that this union was productive of much religious and domestic enjoyment, but He who gave saw fit also early to take away: in about two years her health declined, and after some months of gradually increasing weakness, during which she gave evidence that through redeeming grace she had been fitted for the heavenly inheritance, she quietly passed away, in the Third month of 1815, leaving her widowed husband with the charge of one infant daughter.

The period at which John Foster first spoke as a minister of the Gospel is not known, but various entries in his journal, made at this time, show that whilst "diligent in business," he also desired to be "fervent in spirit, serving the Lord." They also evince a lively interest in the welfare of the little

flock with which he was associated, and an earnest desire that they and he should, in their sittings together, "experimentally know the flesh of the Son of Man to become meat indeed, and His blood drink indeed, unto their poor, hungry, and thirsty souls." He was recorded as a minister by Alban's Monthly Meeting, in the year 1822; his gift increased, and he became a willing-hearted labourer in the Lord's vineyard. He travelled frequently in the service of the Gospel; his visits extending at different times to most, if not all, of the Quarterly Meetings in Great Britain. On these occasions he was more than once the companion of his brother, Richard F. Foster, between whom and himself there subsisted a close attachment, based on that higher love which bound them both to "one Lord," in the profession of the "one faith;" and having both experienced the "one baptism," they laboured harmoniously in the service of the Gospel.

Many have borne testimony to the right authority and spiritual power of John Foster's ministry, which thus, under the Divine blessing, often tended to the comfort and edification of those among whom his lot was cast. The Friends of his own Meeting, especially, can recur to many occasions in which the dear Master has warned,

aroused, cheered, or comforted them by the words of His servant; and in the remembrance of his approaches to the Throne of Grace, they are animated by the example of his humble confidence and solemn fervour.

About the year 1830, he retired from business on a small competency, living with his daughter in a retired and frugal way, but devoting much of the time thus set at liberty to the service of the Society.

In presenting this little sketch of one much beloved and esteemed by many, it is not with any desire to exalt him, or to pourtray his character as free from human frailties; and those who knew him best, and valued him most, had to regret that the frugality which seemed necessary at this time, became so habitual, that the increase of means at a later period of life, was not marked by a correspondingly liberal disposal. The "heavenly treasure" is placed in "earthen vessels," but the Lord who giveth to every man severally as He will, is also the judge of all. He seeth not as man seeth, and there is strong ground for the confident belief that He who was so fully accepted by our beloved friend as his Saviour, hath blotted out all his transgressions for His name's sake.

For many years J. F. took an active part in the

Bible Association of the town in which he resided, and in the management of the British School ; he manifested a lively interest in the cause of education, as well as in that of temperance, personally adopting total abstinence from intoxicating drinks in the early days of that movement. The death of his only daughter, in 1847, little more than two years after her marriage, was a close trial to him, but he was enabled to bear it with Christian submission, and at the grave side to bear testimony to the sustaining power of Him who withholds not His staff when He strikes with His rod. It was but a few months after this afflictive event that we find him again willing and ready to go forth in the cause of his beloved Master. After this, he was not much absent from home, though he continued to attend his own Quarterly and Monthly Meetings as long as he was able ; and when not suffering from the bronchial attacks, which several times prostrated him during the last three or four years, he attended his own Meeting to within a short time of his final illness.

On some of these occasions his voice was still heard testifying to the loving-kindness of his God, or feebly raised in fervent prayer, mingled with thanksgiving and praise. During the attacks of bronchitis, by which he had several times been

brought very low, as well as in the intervals of comparative health, the goodness and mercy of his Heavenly Father were often spoken of. No doubts or fears seemed permitted to assail him, but he dwelt with increasing joy on the prospect of his eternal home.

His closing illness was short: he was only confined to his bed about a week, during which time a sweetly sustaining confidence that his Saviour was near was often expressed. Though his breathing was difficult, yet at intervals he was enabled to speak words of counsel and instruction to those near and dear to him. In reference to his own state he frequently addressed those beside his bed in words like these—"If it is the Lord's will he can raise me up again, but if not, I believe all will be well," and "His holy will be done." At another time, "The Lord is the strength of my life, and my portion for ever." And again, "I know that my Redeemer liveth, and because He lives, I shall live also." In this well-grounded hope, he passed peacefully and quietly away from the conflicts of time, to enter, it is reverently believed, on an eternity of joy unspeakable, "and full of glory," in the presence of his Lord.

ELIZABETH GARNISH, *Exeter*. 81 29 4 mo. 1864

THOMAS GIBBINS, 67 27 12 mo. 1863

*Birmingham.*

H 2

ELIZABETH GIBBS,

36 19 3 mo. 1864

*Winchmore Hill.*

H. E. Gibbs was engaged as a domestic servant in the family of Charles and William Bratt of Winchmore Hill, by whom she was much esteemed. She continued to reside with them till her death, though for the last nine years of her life she was confined to her bed. She was very grateful for the unremitting attentions of her employers and those around her, and for their unwearied endeavours to mitigate her bodily sufferings, which were sometimes very great.

It had been her practice to write with a pencil in a book, her thoughts and feelings on religious subjects; and at the close of each year, after reading over what she had written, to commit it to the flames. The last year's pencillings have not been, however, so destroyed. They consist chiefly of quotations from Scripture, and verses of hymns, which had arrested her attention, and proved as manna to her spirit at the time. These are interspersed with short and simple prayers, and a few expressions of her own feelings. The whole, whilst plainly indicating that she had had but little of this world's teaching, show that in the school of Christ she had been a patient learner. The following extract may prove interesting to some.



First month, 3rd, 1864. "Oh! how many mercies have I received from the Lord during another year of protracted weakness. Oh! make me truly thankful for so many favours, and give me grace to wait patiently to the end of my days for Jesus' sake. For although it has been very trying, yet the Saviour of sickness, I trust, has been blessed unto me, a poor sinner, saved by grace, and, I trust, I can say that my time of suffering and distress has proved His time of pardoning grace. On entering upon another year, still in bed, I have felt it very trying. This makes nine years in bed; but though afflicted, it is all in mercy, for my gracious Heavenly Father has surrounded me with mercies and comforts for which I desire to be made truly thankful, and I do humbly trust that my afflictions may be blessed and sanctified unto my soul, and unto all around me, for Jesus's sake. And I do hope that patience and resignation may hold out to the end, that when it should please our gracious Heavenly Father to say it is enough, I may be found ready. I cannot do anything of myself; Christ is all in all to me, and upon Him I lay my every care and trial. And I do sincerely desire that my blessed Saviour may be nearer and nearer unto me, to keep me from the temptation of the enemy: and

that He will give unto me a renewed sense of His blessed presence, and enable me to glorify Him all the rest of my time. O Lord, help me to live so that I may be fit to die, and grant unto me the gift of Thy Holy Spirit, and enable me to wait upon Thee, and glorify Thee in and by my suffering. O blessed Jesus! enable me to bear all Thou seest meet to lay upon me, for my sufferings are but the wink of an eye compared with what my blessed Saviour suffered for me. The goodness and mercy of our gracious Father in Christ, O how great! O my soul! bless thou the Lord, and let all that is within me bless His holy name."

In a letter, written but three days before her end, after speaking of her outward comforts, she goes on to say, "So that, dear, we can cheer thee in thy sad moments of lonely sorrow, to be encouraged, and wait all the Lord's appointed time, for although he has seen fit to lay his chastening hand upon thee and thy beloved one, be assured it is for some wise purpose, though we cannot see. And we think you both can say with us:—

'Am I not His—His ransom'd one,  
A burning brand from Satan won?  
Have I a grief He does not share?  
A pain He helps me not to bear?

Jesus Emmanuel guards my bed,  
 His arms of love support my head:  
 Like John, I lean upon His breast,  
 And find in Him a perfect rest.'

So that we need not fear if we can feel our blessed Saviour to be with us. It matters not whether we be afflicted or favoured with health, if we only have Christ. For if Christ be for us nothing can harm us. So that we do hope that thou mayest be strengthened to bear up under all thy trials."

SETH GILL, *Liverpool*. 42 2 5 mo. 1864

MARIA GILPIN, *Sheffield*. 26 8 10 mo. 1863

Wife of Edmund O. Gilpin.

This name will at once recall to many of our readers the account of Elizabeth Thorp, in our last year's ANNUAL MONITOR, in connection with whom she was casually alluded to. Though differing much in natural disposition, they were very closely united in heart, their union being greatly strengthened by their common love to their Saviour.

There is reason to believe that though Maria Broadhead might be said to have been always "seriously inclined," that change of heart which led to the more decided religious character which of late years she maintained, was greatly owing to God's

blessing upon the influence of her friend. However that might be, there can be no doubt but that, in many ways, they were helpful to each other in their heavenward progress. Whilst residing in the same town, they were often companions in their labours among the poor; for a long time visiting together in the same Bible and Tract District.

In these visits, as elsewhere, the strength of purpose and courage of the one were happily combined with the gentleness and timidity of the other.

In the Sixth month of 1862, Maria Broadhead was united in marriage to Edmund O. Gilpin, of Sheffield. In her quiet, unobtrusive way, she soon found something to do for her Lord in the neighbourhood of her new home, taking great interest in the mission work carried on there under the superintendence of Friends. She frequently attended the Mother's Meetings in connection with it, where, though her shyness restrained her from speaking in the presence of other visitors, when left alone with the women, she would often address a few loving words to them.

She was much affected when she heard of the death of her friend E. T., though able to rejoice in her joy, as the following extracts from a letter, written shortly after that event, interestingly show :—

“I cannot describe my feeling when thinking about her, and thou may be sure I have done little else since I heard; to think she has realised the happy prospect we used to talk about so often; that she now sees her Lord face to face, whom we have tried so often to follow and love, and at whose footstool we have so often knelt. Truly the one is taken and the other left, but that we may again be united is my secret prayer. May we not rejoice for her that her troubles are ended, her warfare accomplished, and in faith look forward to the time when Jesus shall call us to follow her. For we must enter the door that she has passed, and that dear Saviour who was her guide will be *ours*. It was through His merits that she was permitted an entrance, and oh! happy thought, the same free grace will admit *us* also. Think not I am unhappy—ah no—I rather rejoice at her happiness. I would not call her back again.”

Nor was she happy only in the happiness of her friend. It might seem as if her Saviour was, about this time, granting her more than usually to partake of the joy His presence gives. A short time before her illness she exclaimed, with tears in her eyes, “Oh! I do feel Jesus so near to me.”

Two or three days after writing the above-mentioned letter, she was herself taken seriously

ill, and whilst so, she wrote a few lines in pencil to the same friend. After referring to the cup of suffering which had been permitted her, and to the kind and sympathizing care of her dear husband and friends, she adds, "So darling, I feel I am blessed on all sides; God is very good, and all this is sent in love. I have felt very impatient several times, and longed to have a little less of pain. This morning I feel better and more resigned. \* \* 'Tis nearly dark—my wrist is very tired—do not be over anxious; all I hope will be well, and even this will bring me nearer to Jesus."

The latter part of her illness, which was only of three weeks' duration, she was almost entirely unconscious, so that little could be gathered as to the state of her mind, though at times she seemed engaged in prayer. Once, whilst she was in this state of apparent unconsciousness, one who was watching beside her in the still hours of the night, anxious, if possible, to glean something of what might be passing in her mind, whispered in her ear, "Jesus loves thee, dear." The name seemed instantly to attract her attention, and, with a bright look, she answered, "Yes, I think He does, I think He does. I think there is so much in the words, 'If thou shalt confess with

thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and shalt believe in thine heart that God hath raised Him from the dead, thou shalt be saved, for with the heart man believeth unto righteousness, and with the tongue confession is made unto salvation," and then she added, with wonderful power, "O Lord! help us to confess Thee." The gleam of light passed away, and she relapsed into her former state of unconsciousness, from which she did not awake till she entered on her eternal rest. Oh, that we, who are living, might appropriate her dying words, "O Lord! help us to confess Thee."

KATHARINE GLENNY, 65 16 10 mo. 1863  
*Lethenty, Aberdeen.* An Elder. Widow of John Glenny.

THOMAS GOPSILL, 68 31 12 mo. 1863  
*Broomfield, near Chelmsford.*

ELLEN GOSNALL, 33 18 6 mo. 1864  
*Over Darwen.* Wife of Allan Gosnall.

ELIZA GOULTY, 34 1 6 mo. 1863  
*Saffron Walden.* Wife of John Russell Goulty, and daughter of Henry Bidwell, of Norwich.

MARY GOWER, *Taunton.* 80 27 12 mo. 1863  
 An Elder. Widow of Edmund Gower.

RICHARD GRAHAM, 26 17 5 mo. 1864  
*Sunderland.*

During his short illness, which was a rapid consumption, R. G. was favoured to look calmly to the probable early termination of his life. He often expressed the belief that his end here would be the beginning of a better life, and he could rejoicingly believe that, through the mercy of God in Christ Jesus, his sins were forgiven, all blotted out in the blood of the Lamb. His sorrowing friends have the consoling assurance that his end was peace.

He died at the residence of his uncle, Jacob Allison, of Cotherstone, where he had gone for the benefit of his health.

JAMES S. GRAHAM, 43 23 9 mo. 1864

*Liverpool, recently of Whitehaven.*

GEORGE GREY, *Wandsworth.* 83 14 9 mo. 1863

JOSEPH GREGORY, *Wellington.* 52 2 10 mo. 1863

SARAH GREEN, *Chester.* 67 19 11 mo. 1862

An Elder.

WILLIAM GREENWOOD, 43 15 5 mo. 1864

*Stones, near Todmorden.*

ELIZABETH GREER, 94 25 2 mo. 1864

*Brislington, near Bristol.* Widow of Thomas Greer.

JOSEPH GRUBB, *Clonmell.* 72 9 10 mo. 1863

ROBERT GRUBB, *Clogheen.* 38 24 6 mo. 1864

EMMA GUNDRY, *Kendal.* 24 9 6 mo. 1864

Daughter of William Gundry, Leeds.



When in the midst of the active engagements of a school at Kendal, she had an attack of hæmorrhage in the Third month of 1863, and never again sufficiently recovered her strength fully to resume her duties. It is believed this unexpected messenger of her Heavenly Father did not find her unprepared, but that for some years a work of grace had been gradually going forward in her. In a letter to her father, dated Fourth month, 2nd, 1862, she says,

“R. R. gave us a nice little address alluding to our responsibilities in training up the rising generation; and oh! indeed, how great do they seem sometimes; almost more than I can bear to feel resting upon me, but as I believe I am at present in my right place, I trust I may have, in some measure, strength to fulfil my duties. I feel indeed my own unworthiness, and the utter impossibility of discharging my trust in at all a proper manner in my own strength, but I am so apt to be off my guard, not watching as I should be, and I often think, was there ever any one so constantly forgetful, and yet desirous of doing right, as I am?”

During the spring and summer of this year, Emma, in conjunction with the rest of her family, had her keenest sensibilities called into exercise

by the severe illness of a beloved sister, whose death was recorded in the ANNUAL MONITOR for 1863. The opportunities of being with this dear one were highly prized, and her loss was deeply felt.

E. G. continued at Kendal until the Sixth month 1863, giving occasional assistance to her sisters, after which a short stay in North Wales appeared so to benefit her, that it was fondly hoped she might be restored to health, but a cold taken soon afterwards brought on another attack, and from this time her strength gradually decreased.

Melksham, Eighth month, 8th, 1863. Under this date she writes :—" I have no doubt thou and A. often think and talk of the event that happened this time last year. How quickly the year has fled, and how little I then expected that I should be kept away from my duties by poor health. Oh, how I long that I may become as earnest to seek for the forgiveness of my sins as she, our darling S., was. While one has so much quiet time, it is much easier to think more of all important subjects; what I fear so much is, that if I go back to common affairs and cares, I shall forget all that this illness has, for a time at any rate, taught me. I think I daily feel more the urgent necessity of being instant in season and out of season in prayer."

For the rest of her life Melksham became her home, and memoranda penned there give pleasing evidence that God's work in her soul was going forward. Gratitude to God for the mercies of her past life, and especially for those of which she had partaken during her illness; quiet resignation to her lot as an invalid though she felt it to be a great trial; an humble consciousness of her own sinfulness, with an eye fixed on the assurance that Jesus "is able to save to the uttermost all that come unto God through Him;" earnest desires that all the Lord's purposes might be accomplished in her; an increasing sensitiveness to that which might in any way grieve her Saviour, or prove hurtful to others, especially with regard to her conversation; quiet enjoyment in the hours of solitary worship; gratitude for "the inestimable privilege of an open Bible;" ability to appropriate by faith many of its gracious promises; and an earnest yearning after heaven as her home, form the leading features of these memoranda.

During the winter her disease made decided progress; her sister went to her and remained with her until her death.

Second month, 24th, she writes, "I do, indeed, enjoy dear A.'s company, and she is so very kind

in helping me to do many little things, that I do not get so tired as I should without her kind aid. Still, dearest father, I do feel that I am much weaker than I was three or four weeks ago, but it is so difficult, even whilst talking or writing about it, to realise that I may not be long here ; and yet, I surely must believe that Jesus will be with me to the end. He has so many times helped me when things have looked dark and dreary. Is it not delightful to think that at any time when we ask Him, he will not forget our request, though it may not be answered at the time ? How thankful I hope I do feel to thee, my dear father, as well as to others who have had the care of me, that I was early taught to think of heavenly things, for I am sure, though I have been so careless and so sinful, so forgetful of what was right, all through my life, yet the impression was never lost, and often now remembrances of my younger days come back. If only I had been more watchful, how differently I might feel now."

Fourth month, 16th. "I enjoyed dear M. A.'s visit very much, and now that I have seen you all, perhaps for the last time on earth, how earnestly must I strive that I may not miss meeting you in the glorious home above. I have been thinking what a very close union with Christ the text

implies, 'As the branch cannot bear fruit of itself, except it abide in the vine, no more can ye except ye abide in me.' There must be such close communion between the plant and its branches, and how delightful to be so entirely connected with Jesus. Oh! the wonderful condescension that He should so unite himself to poor fallen man. Although when washed in His blood how changed we are."

Fifth month, 28th. "How quickly another week has come, even to me in bed, but this week finds me not so well as the last; such changes I know I must expect, but if through all, as I hope it is the case, 'His left arm is under my head and His right arm doth embrace me,' it matters little; and when I have seen you all (if such be His will) for a short time, I shall, indeed, be thankful when it is His good pleasure to take me to Himself. I do not mean that I am not happy and comfortable here now; oh! with so many mercies, how could it be otherwise, but, of course, pains and aches will come *here*; *there*, there will be no pain, nor sorrow, nor sin."

On the 30th, she was thought to be very near her end, but she revived, and was able, next day, to converse with her father, in a calm and quiet way, upon the circumstances of her past life, and

upon the prospects which were opening before her. She said that she felt her Saviour's presenee with her, that she believed his power alone could have enabled her to bear with patience some of the seasons of trial and conflict through which she had passed; she fully acknowledged that all the disappointments of her past life had been ordered for her good; she expressed her belief that the work of regeneration had been carried forward in her from a child; that her sins were forgiven her for her Saviour's sake; and that a mansion in His kingdom was prepared for her through His infinite mercy. She expressed a strong desire to depart and be with the Lord, but was earnest to be preserved in patience as long as it was His will to detain her here.

This was the last day she was able to converse freely; but she lingered on, in much weakness, for ten days longer, during which her frequent prayers to be kept patient appeared to be strikingly answered, and all fear of death, except as regards the possible physical suffering, was taken away. On the evening of Sixth month, 3rd, she said to her aunt, as she came into the room, "Aunt, I am so very happy, I never was so happy before; I would not change my present situation to be in health, and to have every comfort around me."

She grew weaker and weaker till the 9th, when she passed gently and peacefully away, appearing to be perfectly sensible until within five minutes of the close.

A very short time previously, she said to her sister, "I have been thinking how dreadful it would be if I had not come to Him. *I could not come now.*" Such was her feeling at that solemn hour. May such as are putting off to a future day the surrender of their heart to the Saviour, ponder these words well, and take warning from them!

JAMES CARTER HACK, 31 16 11 mo. 1863  
*Brighton.*

MARY HADWEN, 74 22 5 mo. 1864  
*Sunnyside, near Lancaster.* Widow of the late Joshua Hadwen.

MARY HALL, *Banbury.* 67 19 3 mo. 1864  
Widow of John Hall.

JANE HALL, *Greysouthen,* 61 30 5 mo. 1864  
*near Carlisle.* A minister. Wife of Thomas Hall.

She was the daughter of Joseph and Abigail Gummersall, and was, for several years, an energetic and much valued teacher in Wigton School. In 1840 she was united in marriage to Thomas Hall, who was then the superintendent of this establishment. This union, to use her own words, "was owned and blessed by the Lord."

Soon after their marriage, it was her painful duty to wait upon her husband's son, Peter W. Hall,\* a promising youth of 15, during his rapid decline and subsequent decease. He expressed his deep gratitude to her as one who had "seemed like his own dear mother come back to nurse him." A few years later his only sister was called away, leaving a sad blank in their midst; evidence, however, was not wanting that she, like her dear brother, had been early gathered to be early blessed.

After retiring from the active duties of a teacher, J. H.'s mental energies were not suffered to run to waste, but were largely employed in visiting in her own locality, the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and in seeking to comfort those who mourned.

Her last illness was of a painful nature, but He who permitted the affliction was also pleased to bestow a large share of faith and patience. Those who were privileged to visit her sick room, can bear witness to the feeling of sweet calm which pervaded it.

On one occasion, whilst endeavouring to console her husband in the prospect of their separation, she said, "I can do nothing of myself:

\* A short account of P. W. H. was printed in the form of a Tract.



' Could my zeal no respite know,  
Could my tears for ever flow,  
All for sin could not atone,  
Christ must save, and He alone.'

Still we must trust in His mercy, and I feel a strong confidence that He will not fail me. But I want thee to keep thy faith firm, for I feel assured our Heavenly Father will not lay more upon thee than He will give thee strength to bear. We have striven, though feebly, to serve Him, and I trust He will keep thee to the end. I know all thy anxiety; many, many a half hour, during the night, have I wept over thee," (alluding to a time when his life was in danger,) "but then I had years of separation to look forward to. Now it cannot be long that we shall be parted." It was, however, a severe trial of her faith to leave her beloved partner, in his enfeebled state, to finish his course alone.

At another time she was heard in prayer, "O merciful Heavenly Father! I feel very low, and that in a short time the body and spirit must sever; be pleased, I pray Thee, to forgive all my sins of omission and commission, and if I have, in any wise, been deceiving myself, oh! do Thou forgive me. I feel that I am very near the dark valley—that Jordan through which I must pass

unaided, save by Thee ; but if Thou wilt be near and support me, all must be well. Be pleased, I pray Thee, to sustain me and receive me, through the dear Redeemer's merits, into one of the many mansions which Thou hast prepared for those Thou hast redeemed."

Once, when an attendant remarked to some one standing by, that she was sleeping, she turned a bright look on the speaker, and said, "Oh no, dear, not sleeping, but resting on Jesus."

For two or three days before her decease she said little, but most of the time appeared to doze quietly. On the 30th of Fifth month, the spirit was released from its frail tenement, while the radiant countenance seemed to tell of the glory that was opening to the spiritual vision. The mourners take comfort in the belief that, purified in the blood of the Lamb, she is now among the multitude who sing their song of "Blessing and honour and glory unto Him that sitteth upon the Throne, and unto the Lamb for ever and ever."

ELIZABETH HALLAM, 72 24 1 mo. 1864

*Bishop Auckland.* Wife of John Hallam.

ELIZABETH HANDS, *Sudbury.* 67 11 11 mo. 1863

MARGARET HANKS, *Wicklow.* 66 15 3 mo. 1864

HENRY HARGREAVES, 54 28 4 mo. 1864

*Manchester.*

- MARGARET HARRISON, 31 8 7 mo. 1864  
*Irthington, Cumberland.*
- WILLIAM HARTAS, *Castleton.* 79 14 6 mo. 1864
- WILHELMINA M. HAUGHTON, 3 1 10 mo. 1863  
*Cork.* Daughter of Benjamin Haughton.
- ELIZABETH S. HAUGHTON, 5 2 10 mo. 1863  
*Cork.* Daughter of Benjamin Haughton.
- ELIZABETH HAUGHTON, *Cork.* 41 17 10 mo. 1863  
 Wife of Benjamin Haughton,
- HELEN HENDERSON, *Preston.* 26 1 2 mo. 1864  
*Died at Paisley.*
- JOHN HENRY HENDLEY, 6 16 2 mo. 1864  
*Ashford.* Son of Henry and Hannah M.  
 Hendley.
- MARY HEWARD, *Hull.* 78 19 3 mo. 1864  
 Wife of John Heward.
- DEBORAH HILL, *Birmingham.* 71 16 4 mo. 1864  
 Widow of James Hill.
- HENRY HILLS, *Sheffield.* 57 11 2 mo. 1864  
*Died at Wyandotte, Kansas.*
- WILLIAM CADMAN HIPSEY. 89 11 5 mo. 1864  
*Maldon.*
- MABEL HIPSEY, *Hull.* 94 21 4 mo. 1864  
 A Minister. Wife of John Hipsley.

Mabel Hipsley, the daughter of the late William and Esther Tuke,—well known names in the Society of Friends,—was born at York on the

10th of Third month, 1770, and lived to the advanced age of ninety-four. In the example and training of her excellent and honoured parents she possessed no ordinary advantages, and these were not lost upon her. She was naturally of a very lively disposition, and is described as “ ‘ the pet ’ of all the family, and well she might be so ; not only as the youngest loveable thing in the house, but because she was really a loveable child, the little beauty of the family ; ready with her repartees, not over fond of her books, but giving indications of that intuitive quickness which so often distinguishes the female mind.”

She was early in life the subject of religious impressions, to which yielding her heart, she became in youth the disciple of that Master whom she loved and served in mature life and in old age. Mabel Tuke was married in 1804 to John Hipsley, of Hull.

She first spoke as a Minister in our meetings for worship in the year 1810. Her communications were simple, practical in their character and clear in doctrine. Deeply sensible of the solemn responsibilities attaching to her gift, she was especially careful not to multiply words.

Striking natural characteristics with Mabel Hipsley were a strong will, independence of mind,

and a certain freshness and directness of thought and expression which, without religious principle, leads to the disregard of the feelings of others. But coupled with these features was an unfeigned humility and much watchfulness, regulating and modifying her natural disposition; and she exhibited the fruits of the Spirit in her daily life and conversation. These traits in her Christian character, and an intense hatred of sin, are displayed in the memoranda found among her papers, relating to her personal religious experience.

She was permitted to retain the possession of her mental faculties to the end, though deprived of sight for the last few years of her life,—a deprivation peculiarly trying to one who shrank from anything like dependence upon others, or adding to their trouble, but which she bore with marked resignation and cheerfulness. “I wish to go as a little child, to have no will of my own,” was a sentiment to which she frequently gave expression in these or similar words.

She was able to attend meetings for worship and occasionally to address a few words to her friends till within about three weeks of her death. The meeting of ministers and elders, which, on account of her and her husband’s infirmities, was often held at their house, was, not many months

before her close, brought under very solemn feelings ; the name of Jesus being made to appear very precious to those present, by a simple and touching address from this dear friend, in which alluding to her approaching change, she utterly repudiated every trust except that which was based on God's free mercy in Christ Jesus.

On the 3rd of 4th mo. she was at meeting for the last time, and on coming down the aisle afterwards, remarked that she thought we might say, "Lord, evermore give us this bread," (alluding to the privilege she felt it to be to meet in this way,) but that she did not repine at being so often prevented, concluding by quoting a line of one of Cowper's hymns ;—

"And every place is hallowed ground."

About a week afterwards she appeared to take cold, but was not supposed to be seriously ill till the 15th, from which time there was much difficulty of speaking and some wandering of mind. On the remark being made to her that she would be glad to meet the dear ones gone before, she replied, "Yes ; but above all to go to Jesus and to know my sins forgiven."

The day before her decease, some nourishment having been offered to her, she said, "I do not want that bread—nothing more. 'Bread of life

and water of life,'” with more that could not be understood. Again, “I wish to be going.” “I desire to wait the Lord's time.”

During the following restless night, she exclaimed, “Come, Lord, come!” and in the morning (the 21st), on receiving a message from a dear relation expressing a belief that she was reposing in the arms of her Saviour, she answered, with characteristic humility, “I hope so.” Shortly after, she said to those at her bed side, “Farewell;” and after about half an hour's perfect quiet, the purified spirit was most gently released, and her eyes, so long closed upon every earthly object, were, it is undoubtingly believed, permitted to behold the face of her Saviour, beyond the reach of the infirmities of age, or of sin, of suffering, or of sorrow.

The heavenly calm that succeeded, seemed to preclude, for a time, every feeling but that of thankful rejoicing for one gathered (as a shock of corn fully ripe) to her eternal rest.

ROBERT HOLBORN, *Sheffield*. 79 14 11 mo. 1863

MARY HOMES, *Culderhouse*, 69 4 10 mo. 1863  
*near Garstang*. Widow of Charles Homes.

MARIA DE HOME HOOPER 87 21 12 mo. 1863  
*Great Amwell, near Ware*. Widow of Joseph Hooper.

WILLIAM F. HOW 78 30 3 mo. 1864

*Aspley Guise, Bedfordshire.*

HERBERT CHARLTON HOWITT 9 mo. 1863

*Drowned in New Zealand.* Son of William and Mary Howitt. (Age not given.)

SAMUEL HUDSON, 90 1 6 mo. 1864

*Enniscorthy.*

MARY HUNTER, *York.* 87 19 3 mo. 1864

All the Lord's children have ministrations for Him By abiding in Christ, and He in them, each is expected to bring forth fruit to the glory of his Heavenly Father, according to his respective gifts. And it is instructive to trace the course of those, who, in the ordinary walks of life, have fulfilled the ministrations allotted them, and who, through their union with Christ, have enjoyed great peace with God, and have had the witness of the Holy Spirit that they were accepted of Him in their Saviour.

Of this class was our aged friend Mary Hunter. Born at Easingwold, under circumstances which in some measure deprived her of her mother's care, she was brought up by her grandmother, who was a pious Wesleyan. Among this body of Christians Mary became awakened to her need of a Saviour, found the forgiveness of her sins through Him, and experienced that great change of which



He spake, when He said, "Ye must be born again." At seventeen, she entered into domestic service at York: and she often spoke with thankfulness of having lived, successively, in several well-ordered families, whose religious care had been a great blessing to her. The last of these, was that of Lindley and Hannah Murray, of Holgate, where she filled the place of housemaid for three years. She had great faith in the power of love to smooth the path of life; and on being told that the young woman about to be engaged as cook had a sharp temper, she replied, "I'll cure her with love." So effectually did she carry out this resolution, that she and her fellow-servant became as sisters, and remained close companions for fifty years. Speaking near the close of life, on the harmony which had subsisted between them, Mary said, "I took care not to press my own sentiments when we differed in opinion." While in this situation she joined the Society of Friends, to which her fellow-servant also belonged.

On leaving Holgate, she opened a small confectionery shop in York, in partnership with her companion, Mercy Ward. As their business increased, they removed, at different times, to larger premises, and in 1860, retired with a competency. In their business they did not forget that they had

a service for the Lord. This was performed in various ways, including kind counsel and help to the poor and afflicted, and by having a box to receive contributions for the Ragged School. Mary also often dropped, cheerfully, words of useful counsel in conversation with customers above the rank of poor ; and she carried about with her tracts and little books, which she often slipped into the hands of persons who came to the shop, even when closely engaged in business. Many now remember gratefully the good lessons they received, when children, from the little books which she gave them.

For several years, in the latter part of her life, Mary Hunter was rarely able to get to meeting ; but her meditations were sweet in communion with her Saviour ; she understood well the privilege of “ speaking to yourselves in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs, singing and making melody in your heart to the Lord ;” and a song of praise was often on her lips, in commemoration of the mercies she had received from her Heavenly Father from the earliest period of her life.

Her dying chamber was strikingly cheerful. She dwelt much on her Saviour’s love, anticipated her change with joy, and said thankfully, that she had neither ache nor pain, but only the feeling of

great weakness, and, at times, a consequent difficulty in breathing which would soon be over. On reviewing her past life at this solemn period she remarked, that the remembrance of not having made temporal things give way so much as she might have done, to allow her to attend more constantly meetings for worship in the middle of the week, was one of her most uncomfortable reflections; but that it did not now stand in her way; all was forgiven her for Jesus' sake; her trust was in Him alone, and no other; and she felt no doubt as to her admittance into the Kingdom of Heaven through His mercy.

FREDERICK HUTCHINSON, 21 27 8 mo. 1863  
*Napier, New Zealand.* Son of Proctor Hutchinson, of Spalding.

SUSANNAH IMPEY, 64 6 2 mo. 1864  
*Berkhampstead.*

JANE IMPEY, 87 8 3 mo. 1864  
*Kelvedon, Essex.* Widow of William Impey.

AGNES ION, 75 23 5 mo. 1864  
*Holins-in-Dent.*

MARIA JACKSON, 45 30 9 mo. 1864  
*North Walsham, Norfolk.* Widow of John Jackson.

WILLIAM JACKSON, Jun., 4 20 10 mo. 1863  
*Ashton upon Mersey.* Son of William and Agatha S. Jackson.

THOMAS BEWLEY JACOB,	5	24	9 mo.	1864
<i>Stockton.</i> Son of Isaac and Emma Jacob.				
ELIZABETH JESPER,	21	17	12 mo.	1863
<i>Warrington.</i> Daughter of Thomas Jesper.				
EDWARD JOHNS,	67	26	2 mo.	1864
<i>Austell, Cornwall.</i>				
JOHN KEWELL,	81	30	10 mo.	1863
<i>Ipswich.</i>				
ELIZABETH KIDD	86	13	2 mo.	1864
<i>Isleworth, Brentford.</i> A Minister. Widow of Richard Kidd.				
JOHN KITCHING,	92	26	8 mo.	1864
<i>Stamford Hill.</i> An Elder.				
SARAH KNIGHT,	85	28	7 mo.	1864
<i>Chesham.</i> Widow of Joseph Knight.				
MARY KNOWLES,	33	30	11 mo.	1863
<i>Thirsk.</i> Daughter of William Knowles.				

Mary Knowles was a native of Thirsk, and was born of parents who sent her out to earn something towards her own maintenance from the time when she was about six years old. She had no opportunity of going to school, but by using diligently, such means as came within her reach, she attained a good proficiency in reading and writing: and submitting early to the regulating and sanctifying power of divine grace, her manners presented a remarkable degree of refinement.

When about fourteen years of age, and living as a house-servant with a Friend, a widow, Richard Barrett, in the course of a religious visit, called upon her mistress ; and after leaving the house, returned to it, and expressed a wish to speak to the servant. Referring to this circumstance a short time before her death, she said, “ He took me affectionately by the hand, and referred me to the text, Ephesians iii., 17th verse, ‘ That Christ may dwell in your hearts by faith ; that ye, being rooted and grounded in love, may be able to comprehend with all saints what is the breadth and length, and depth and height, and to know the love of Christ, which passeth knowledge, that ye might be filled with all the fulness of God.’ And he said, ‘ As thy heart is rooted and grounded in love, thou shalt know the length and breadth, and height and depth ; and although many afflictions may await thee, the grace of God shall support thee, and the Lord will save thee, even though thy faith be tried as to a hair’s breadth.’ ”

About three years after the visit of Richard Barrett, Mary Knowles’s health failed, so that she was obliged to give up her situation, and return to her parents ; and she was often under the necessity of keeping her bed. Some of her neighbours, and especially those about her own age, frequently

called to see her, and these she sometimes got to read to her from books of Christian Biography, which she borrowed from the Friends' Library. Her visitors by this means, often became interested in what they read, and then Mary borrowed the books for them. Thus she was useful in her weak state of health in directing others to the things that belong to eternal life. On these things she also frequently spoke to her visitors, as she felt deeply the value of the love of Christ, and desired greatly that others might feel it.

Though now unable to work for her own support, she realised the fulfilment of the promise of Christ, respecting the things needful for the body ; " Seek ye first the kingdom of God and His righteousness ; and all these things shall be added unto you." Among those who became interested for her, as a lowly fellow-disciple of Jesus, were several who contributed to the supply of her wants.

Her parents removing to Ripon and taking Mary with them, some of her Thirsk friends continued to extend care to her there ; and on one of them visiting her and introducing two strangers from a distance, who were on a mission of gospel love, she afterwards, in a letter to him, said, " How sweet is that bond of fellowship and peace which unites the followers of Jesus together : they

have one spirit and one object—the salvation of souls and the glory of God; the Spirit of the Lord working in them to will and to do of His good pleasure. God is love, and they that dwell in Him dwell in love; and this is the confidence that we have in Him, that if we ask anything according to His will, He heareth us. How pleasant it is to meet such devoted servants! Oh! may I fully improve this opportunity, as I may soon have to give an account; and may I dwell near the fountain of life until the time appointed; and may I be enabled to glorify my Heavenly Father in that state which He appoints, continuing in faith and patience which hopeth to the end. Although our exercises and provings may be many, yet help is laid on One who is mighty, One who can support in the darkest hour, and cause our sinking hearts to rejoice; giving us to know His grace to be sufficient, and that as our day so shall be our strength. How consoling is the reflection that we are in the hands of God, and may be assured that all things will work together for our good. Trials will wean us from the world, and prepare us for that rest which is reserved for the righteous. And I often think how sweet will that rest be, after a life of toil and suffering! How does the hope of future bliss sweeten the bitter cup of life!”

In 1859, her father having got into difficulty, Mary Knowles was removed back to Thirsk, and placed in a lodging. She meekly said, she was quite willing to be placed in the Union, if her friends thought that would be best for her. But those who loved her as a fellow disciple of Christ, were unwilling to have her removed from under their own care. Though quite unable to join the Friends in public worship, she was received into membership with them, and some of them resorted frequently to her little room, and joined with her in waiting on God. The presence of the Saviour was often to be felt in these little meetings: prayer in His name often ascended from them to the Father; and, in the love of Christ, Mary Knowles often addressed a word of exhortation to the little company, or edified them by expressions of thankfulness to God for His mercies and His love.

She sometimes copied striking passages from books, and made memoranda recording her feelings at the time. From these the following are extracts:—

“The religion of Jesus is clear as the noon-day, and stable as the rock; decided and settled. Christianity may be said to make room for pure pleasure, even of a temporal kind; while it is the means of qualifying us for the right performance of every duty. Who does not perceive that in its



working on the human mind, and especially in its abounding consolation in sickness and in sorrow, we have a practical proof that God is the author of the religion of Jesus. And this religion, imbibed into the heart by faith, is the Pearl of great price."

"How inscrutable are the ways of Divine Providence! How mysterious the dealings of God with His people! Here, His wisdom and mercy are often involved in obscurity; and darkness rests upon many of His manifestations; yet have we encouragement to acquiesce in the justice of that which we cannot comprehend, and firmly to believe that all things work together for good to them that love God."

"There is a calm the poor in spirit know,  
That softens sorrow and that sweetens woe.  
There is a peace that dwells within the breast,  
When all without is stormy and distressed.  
There is a light that gilds the darkest hour,  
When dangers thicken, and when tempests lower.  
That calm, to faith, and hope, and love is given;  
That peace remains, when all beside is riven:  
That light shines down to man direct from Heaven."

Mary Knowles's last memorandum is dated October 22nd, 1860. In it she writes:—"This is my thirtieth birth-day. Solemn thought! Thirty years have passed away; but how have they been spent, is the great and important ques-

tion? Not altogether in forgetfulness of Him who created me, and gave His dear Son to redeem me from all iniquity, and to make me one of His 'peculiar people, zealous of good works.' But oh! I must confess, with shame and confusion of face, how far—very far—I come short of the perfect measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ. What an unprofitable servant I have been! How have I dishonoured Him by doubts and fears! How cold my love! yea, every step has been uneven, and ever prone to wander from Thee, the great Shepherd and Bishop of souls. But, O Lord, do Thou be pleased to enable me from this time forth, to live nearer unto Thee; to live more by faith. Without Thee, I can do nothing. Then O, my Heavenly Father, make me a humble, sincere, and faithful Christian! Oh, grant that I may not dishonour Thee nor Thy truth, in word or deed. Enable me to let my light shine before those around me to Thy praise and glory. It has pleased the Lord for thirteen years to place me in the furnace of affliction, and for the last eight years to confine me to my little room; yet, I trust, I can say from my heart, 'I know, O Lord, that Thy judgments are right, and that Thou, in faithfulness, hast afflicted me.' And it is here Thou hast been pleased more fully to reveal

Thyself to my poor soul, and to draw me closer to Thyself; and also given me to feel how poor, how empty, how vain, how unsatisfying, are all the pleasures of this changing world. Blessed be Thy holy name. Thou, and Thou only, hast supported me under all Thou hast been pleased to lay upon me; and O my Heavenly Father! I would at this time crave that Thou wouldst be pleased to continue Thy sustaining power, and to make Thy grace sufficient, so that I may glorify Thee in that state wherein Thou hast, in tender mercy and infinite wisdom, placed me."

Toward the close of her life, Mary Knowles had the comfort of seeing one of her brothers awakened to the importance of eternal things; and she was removed to a room in his house, in the hope of being useful in promoting the welfare of himself and his family. In 1863 she had an attack of low fever, which left her in a rapid consumption. To a friend she remarked, a few weeks before she died, "I am still here in a state of suffering; so weak that I can only bear to hear a verse or two read at a time; but the Lord grants me patience, and if He should be pleased to release me it would be great cause for thankfulness."

It may well be said of her, she was patient and peaceful to the last, full of faith and the Holy

Ghost. She said to a friend, who kindly attended upon her in her protracted dying hours :

“ It is only the poor, frail body that suffers pain ; for upwards of fifteen years I have been afflicted ; but it is only as a moment when compared with the glory that shall be revealed. God Himself shall wipe away all my tears. Only think that He himself shall wipe my eyes from tears ! No foe shall enter Heaven, and from thence no friend shall depart. When my earthly house of this tabernacle is dissolved, I have a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.”

MARY LAMLEY, *Maidenhead*. 67 4 4 mo. 1864

Wife of Samuel Lamley.

JANE LAUNDY, *Birmingham*. 82 17 4 mo. 1864

A Minister. Widow of Thomas Laundy.

BLESSING LECKY, 74 28 12 mo. 1863

*Ballytore*.

MARY LINDSEY, *Sale*, 33 4 11 mo. 1863

*near Manchester*. Daughter of Robert and Sarah Lindsey.

ELIZABETH LINES, 55 8 8 mo. 1864

*Tottenham*. Wife of Thomas Lines.

ISABELLA LISTER, *Upton*. 72 3 9 mo. 1864

Wife of Joseph Jackson Lister.

MARY LISTER, *Addingham*. 80 15 1 mo. 1864

SARAH LLOYD, *Birmingham*. 91 3 11 mo. 1863

Widow of James Lloyd.

CHARLES HENRY LOVELL, 74 5 10 mo. 1864  
*Tottenham.*

EDMUND LUCAS, *Wandsworth.* 65 15 6 mo. 1864

JANE BROWN MACDOUGAL, 35 24 12 mo. 1863  
*Manchester.* Daughter of Duncan Macdougall.

SARAH D. MALCOMSON, 52 18 5 mo. 1864  
*Lisnagarvey, near Lisburn.* Widow of David  
Malcomson.

S. D. M. was the daughter of James N. and Anna Richardson, of Lisburn. Ranking second in age among ten brothers and sisters, she felt the responsibility which devolved upon her that her example and influence might attract the loved ones, by whom she was surrounded, to that better way in which she found it her duty and privilege to tread.

Of her childhood little is recollected. Not being robust she was more inclined to find occupation in books and reflective pursuits than in the active amusements generally sought by the young. Early in life she became sensible of the constraining love of Christ, and, yielding to its sanctifying power, she chose the Lord for her portion. To do His will and to devote herself to His service became the primary object of her life, and she found Him to be a never failing refuge in the difficulties which afterwards chequered her course.

From her journal we shall best trace the progress of the work of grace in her heart. The first entries, made soon after she had completed her 17th year, shew a spirit of thoughtful self-examination and separation from the world.

First mo. 1, 1830 :—" This is New-Year's Day ; I have passed into another year, and I fear I have made very little progress. My prayer is, that in the year which we have just entered I may increase not only in my intellectual but my spiritual knowledge, that I may be strengthened to keep my temper in subjection, and that I may more and more trust in the Lord for support in the time of trouble, for many are the trials and afflictions in this vale of sorrow."

Second mo., 1. "I feel, this night, as if nothing in this world was worth living for, and as if I could most willingly resign all here below if it were the will of my Heavenly Father. Oh the awfulness and uncertainty of time !"

Second mo., 9. Referring to the death of a young friend, she writes :—" How happy I should be were I also prepared to go, for this world has very little attraction for me." A few days later we find a similar remark :—" Though I do take pleasure in some things, yet there is nothing in this world which I would not resign in order to

go to the lowest mansion in my Father's house.'

First month, 1, 1831. "Another year has closed. Have I made any progress since this time twelve-months? I am willing to hope that I have not gone back, but feel that although I have been very remiss in what I believe was my duty, there has been some little advance. My Heavenly Father has been very good to me, very merciful. His mercy has been such that I could not express it. Last night I went to bed under as comfortable feelings as I think I have ever experienced! at peace with God and man—with father, mother, brothers, and sisters. I hope to make more diligent use of my time for this year. I should wish to rise early on First-day morning to read the Bible and George Fox's journal. I hope to keep to my resolution of passing an hour daily in reading and meditation. I commend my soul to the word of His grace which is able to build me up and to give me an inheritance in that kingdom which fadeth not away."

Sixth month, 16, 1832. "I am tempted, tried, and assaulted by the great enemy. Oh! how earnestly do I desire that I may do that which is right, and that only. I wish to keep clear of every binding, hindering thing, to follow my holy Guide and Leader whithersoever it may be. I

believe my strength is in quietness and humble confidence. Oh ! be near to me, my dear Saviour, comfort me and enable me to ward off the blows of the enemy."

Seventh month, 31. "'The Lord is my Shepherd. I shall not want.' Truly do I find this. 'He leadeth me into green pastures' when I wait on and trust Him. 'He restoreth my soul' when depressed and weighed down by neglect or by yielding to temptation, and thus being drawn off from Him who is the centre of all true happiness."

Twelfth month. "How much has passed within a few months to make me view this as a changing scene ! \* \* \* \* \* Anxiously do I desire that the increase of this world's treasure may not tend to diminish our love to, or dependence upon an All-bountiful Dispenser, but that it may be used as best wisdom directs. \* \* \* Truly has the glory of this world been stained in my view ; but let all the praise be given to God alone, for had there not been a powerfully operating hand from time to time extended, how would my heart have clung to the world and the things thereof ! My wish is to devote my life to the service of my gracious Master : and oh ! that the enemy may never prevail, but that I may continue



faithful to the end. It has pleased my Heavenly Father to permit me to feel my peace to flow as a river after a long season of depression. \* \* \* My dear little sister is now given to my charge. O gracious Father! mayst Thou be pleased to enable me, through Thy blessed Son, Jesus Christ, to instruct her according to Thy good pleasure,—to check every appearance of evil in the bud, and to cherish every opening blossom of good.”

Fifth month, 1833. “O gracious Father and merciful Lord! be pleased, through Thy beloved Son, to receive the thanksgiving of a poor little one, desirous, above all, to be found in the path of duty, unable to advance one step in the path of righteousness and peace, without Thy gracious help. Let not Thine hand spare, nor Thine eye pity, until I am purified and made fit to be a vessel in Thy holy house.”

After attending the Ulster Quarterly Meeting, in the summer of 1833, we find her thus expressing her earnest longing for the conversion of others, who, like herself, were in the bloom of life:

“6th of Sixth month, 1833. How do I desire that the Lord may put forth His strong and mighty arm powerfully to draw the hearts of many of our dear young friends towards Him, and make of them a people to His own glory and

honour. I know He can do all things ; yes, I have faith to believe that of the stones of the street He can raise up children unto Abraham. Wilt Thou permit a poor creature to ask of Thee, through our blessed Mediator, not only to draw their hearts by the cords of Thy love, but to follow them from season to season, until they make a covenant with Thee ; and be pleased to strengthen them to perform all that Thou art requiring at their hands,—that, following on to know the Lord, and doing His will, we may be preserved on every hand.”

Tenth month, 24th. “I could sing of the goodness and mercies of Israel's shepherd to a poor backslider. Oh ! that I were able to recount one half of the loving-kindness bestowed upon me since I last put pen to paper in this book. I have been an invalid, more or less, almost ever since, as also my mother and sister ; yet it is the rod of mercy and infinite goodness. \* \* \* \* My heart seems almost overwhelmed from various causes, yet through all, the wisdom and glory of the Lord shine transcendently and rise triumphantly. He knows how to carry on His own work in the hearts of the children of men to His own everlasting glory.”

Sixth month, 1st, 1834. “How has my heart craved (and I believe I have been helped so to act)

that my conduct may be marked with sincerity and truth, that there may be nothing of duplicity in any of my actions or thoughts. ‘The Truth’ is a beautifully significant name for the religion of Jesus. It is my desire that, as it will in the end reign above everything that maketh or thinketh a lie, so it may reign now in this present world throughout my actions. May my dwelling be with Christ, in whom is the only safe abode. I wish and pray for this, because I know and feel my frailties.”

On the 28th of Tenth month, 1834, she writes, “I have again been permitted to mingle with the much loved family circle. I had hoped that a residence in the country might have tended to the restoration of my feeble frame, but I have faith to believe that Christ is as able now to restore the lame, the blind, and the feeble, as when upon earth ; that all situations are alike to Him when His mandate goes forth, ‘ Arise and walk.’ Oh ! that nothing may retard His purposes concerning me, and that ‘ Thy will be done ’ may increasingly be the language of my soul.”

First month, 1837. “In glancing over these pages, it has been some comfort to my poor mind to see that my desire of being the Lord’s has been of more than a short duration. We have it on

record that the 'spirit is willing, but the flesh is weak.' This language of Holy Writ has often sustained my drooping spirit, although I am far from desiring to build upon anything that might relax the necessary vigilance. We must act, as well as wish, or we shall never cross the Red Sea, or press through the many impediments to the Promised Land."

In the autumn of 1838 she became the wife of David Malcomson, junior. In contemplation of this solemn engagement her sentiments are thus conveyed in a letter to her parents, bearing date Third month, 1838.

"I believe it will be most in accordance with my duty, as a child, to communicate my decision to you, previous to any other avowal: yet, I have deferred doing so from time to time, for surely it is hard to nature to come to any resolution voluntarily, to sever one's self from those nearest and dearest. Mine has been no common home, I feel sensibly, though not gratefully enough, I fear, with kind and fond parents, whose desire has been to promote our growth in that which will support in time, and prove our only hope for a happy eternity. I have long esteemed this a great privilege, and felt that it is a blessing for which we are accountable, not only in filial duty

to you, but to the Author of numberless blessings — the inexhaustible Fountain.

“ From the earliest introduction of the subject in question I felt it strongly impressed upon my mind that it was the allotment provided for me. The same feeling was accompanied with a call to increased dedication of heart, which has again been renewed.”

Her husband was well calculated, by his own religious experience, to afford her the support and loving sympathy so needed by her sensitive mind. He had long been the subject of serious impressions, but a time arrived when he became sensible that he was endeavouring to serve two masters; that his peace depended on resigning the tempting worldly prospects which were opening before him. Immediately, conferring not with flesh and blood, the required sacrifice was made, and referring to this he could testify, “ I have no cause to repine or regret the choice I have made, but on the contrary, rejoice in soul and spirit, and taste of the riches of God’s mercy, in Christ Jesus, whom I can now call my Lord and my Saviour, in whom I will trust.”

Little more than two years of their married life had elapsed, when it pleased an All-wise Providence, by the stroke of death, to dissolve their union.

On taking a retrospect of this affecting event, the pen of the survivor will best describe her feelings in the sudden rending of the strongest and dearest earthly bonds.

“Eleventh month, 9th, 1846. This night, six years ago, I was deprived of the best of husbands—about eleven o'clock, the vital spark fled to its happy mansion in the realms of bliss. It was, indeed, a time never to be erased from memory's page! How mercifully was I dealt with, a poor unworthy worm, in being made willing not only to resign him to his Heavenly Father, but even to rejoice that he was safely landed. Although I have never to this day disclosed it, my sacrifice was made comparatively easy by the gracious condescension of Him who inflicted this heavy, bitter blow, even to permit me, a poor sinful creature, to partake in degree of the joys in which my beloved husband was participating. When I became composed I was introduced into a foretaste of the joys which even I should share, through the mercy of my blessed Redeemer, were I faithful unto the end. This had a most soothing effect,—why should it not? ‘The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away;’ but the cup was marvellously mingled with mercies which I must never suffer to be forgotten. My darling infant

was very ill at the time, but was restored, and is now a solace in many an hour which would otherwise be solitary. Whilst I have Him who is the chiefest among ten thousand shall I ever repine?"

From the time of her bereavement, S. D. M. resided in the neighbourhood of Lisburn, her native place. For several years her widowed father was the object of her tender solicitude, and untiring were her efforts to promote the best interests of a large family circle, each member of which she bore upon her heart for good.

"Sixth month, 1843. It has pleased Infinite Goodness again to lay on me the rod of affliction. May I patiently bear all the overturnings of His holy hand! Although often deeply tried, I am not forsaken, for at times, when ready to sink, the clouds burst, and a gleam of that light which shineth through every obstacle is sent to my comfort. My dear mother is taken, and I am left to linger awhile. There was much to console us in her peaceful close. Manifold are the mercies extended to us: my dear father is still spared to us, and the precious relic of my sainted husband grows in health and strength, which I esteem a great blessing."

Ninth month, 1844. "I wish to leave some record for my own comfort, if future days are per-

mitted to me, of the merciful care and loving-kindness of Him who has promised to be a judge of the widow and a Father to the fatherless. I have proved Him to be both a Father and a Friend. Although I am not so strong as I should like, yet I feel better. I now implore my Heavenly Father, if it be His will, to grant me increasing strength; and may I offer this gift to Him who gives it, and be enabled to serve Him in word and deed."

In 1847, S. D. M. was called upon to surrender her only surviving parent, with whom she had for some years resided.

Twelfth month, 1847. "Whilst sitting alone, silently endeavouring to draw near to the source and fountain of all good, I have been meditating upon some of the dealings of a kind Providence with me of late. 'Cast down, but not forsaken' should be my motto. I have had deep provings and trials; yea, the waves of the sea seem at times ready to overpower me: then the Lord sends comfort and strength, as it were a crumb at a time, lest my faith should fail. I feel prostrated as in the dust. My secret exercise for the various branches of my own family is more than tongue can tell."

"New Year's Day, 1853. How little can we



foresee that which may await us and those we love, ere another year is ushered in. The present time only is ours. In the past year I have received many lessons which should stimulate me in good earnest to do the day's work in the day-time, for the night cometh when no man can work. I desire to commemorate the good hand of my God who has seen meet to afflict me" (by physical suffering). "It is His right to rule and reign—to bring down and to raise up. May I ever be able to say, 'Thy will be done on earth as it is in Heaven,' and more thoroughly and perfectly devote myself, my all to the Great Giver of every good and perfect gift. Only, Holy Father, be pleased to be with me in heights and depths, that nothing may ever separate me from Thy love in Christ Jesus, our Lord!"

This hopeful, confiding prayer is contained in the latest fragment which appears among her papers. Her pen ceases to speak, but in the hearts of her friends she remains as a living epistle. The sweetness and purity of her spirit, her meekness and cheerfulness amidst trial, the love under whose banner she desired to gather all—these memories forcibly recall the words of Holy Writ, "The memory of the just is blessed."

Great continued to be her solicitude for the wel-

fare of the Church and her family ; her concern for the former often finding expression in words of loving encouragement and warning in our meetings for worship.

Near the close of the year 1858, she was much enfeebled by an attack of a paralytic nature from which she never fully recovered. Although unable to move about without assistance, she continued for some years to attend meeting, and entered into passing events with lively interest. Throughout this protracted period of debility, it was ever the aspiration of her heart that patience might be granted her to the end ; and truly instructive it was to her friends to observe how graciously this petition was answered. Thus as the shades of evening gradually lengthened around her, the rays of the Sun of Righteousness illuminated her path. She seemed to be realizing the sweet assurance of the Psalmist, "I will fear no evil for thou art with me, thy rod and thy staff they comfort me ;" feeling also that her loving Heavenly Father had abundantly fulfilled the covenant made in the morning of life, when, as she has related, the words forcibly arrested her, "Seek ye first the kingdom of God, and His righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you."

Early in last Fifth month she complained of a cold which assumed the form of bronchitis, and it was soon evident that the end was drawing near. In speaking of the approach of death the dear sufferer said, "I have nothing to do—no fear—the summons will only be too delightful." At another time she replied to a remark, "I have nothing to boast of," and again, "My only trust is in the merits of my Saviour." Soon after taking a final leave of the dear ones at her side her spirit gently took its flight, as they confidently believed, to inherit one of the many mansions where the Lord shall be her everlasting light, and the days of her mourning are ended.

LOUISA MANNERS, *Croydon*. 34 19 5 mo. 1864

Wife of George Manners.

EMMA LOUISA MARSH, 1 6 4 mo. 1864

*Deptford*. Daughter of Thomas and Emma Marsh.

RACHEL MASON, *York*. 61 16 4 mo. 1864

Wife of James Mason.

ELIZABETH MASON, 32 31 7 mo. 1864

*Fulshaw, near Wilmslow*. Wife of John Mason.

ELIZABETH MERRYWEATHER, 72 11 12 mo. 1863

*Caldbeck, Cumberland*.

MARY MEYERS, *Cork*. 82 28 2 mo. 1864

Widow of John Meyers.

EDWIN MILES,	59	15	1 mo.	1864
<i>Langford, near Sidcot.</i>				
PHEBE MILLARD,	70	24	9 mo.	1864
<i>Nailsworth.</i>				
JOHN MILLNER,	21	4	11 mo.	1863
<i>Mountmellick.</i> Son of James and Sarah Millner.				
SARAH MILLNER,	51	24	8 mo.	1864
<i>Mountmellick.</i> Wife of James Millner.				
PHEBE MINCHIN,	15	24	6 mo.	1864
<i>Hook Norton.</i> Daughter of William and Susan Minchin.				
MARIA MOOR, <i>Spitalfields.</i>	4	18	9 mo.	1864
Daughter of John and Ellen Moor.				
MICHAEL MOOR, <i>Leeds.</i>	62	1	4 mo.	1864
BEATRICE MAHALA MOORE,	63	17	10 mo.	1863
<i>Lynn.</i>				
MARGARET MULCASTER,	89	1	1 mo.	1864
<i>Low Galligill, Alston.</i> Widow of James Mulcaster.				
LYDIA NAISH, <i>Congresbury.</i>	75	8	9 mo.	1864
Wife of John Naish.				
LYDIA NASH,	73	21	1 mo.	1864
<i>Great Yarmouth.</i>				
JOHN NAYLOR, <i>Leeds.</i>	66	17	6 mo.	1864
A Minister.				
ELIZA NEAVE, <i>Leiston,</i>	26	3	4 mo.	1864
<i>Suffolk.</i> Wife of Joseph J. Neave.				
She was the daughter of John and Sophia				

Appleton, and was born at Hounslow, in 1838. In 1861, she was united in marriage to Joseph John Neave, of Leiston.

She was one who said but little of the feelings of her own mind on religious matters, but to those intimately acquainted with her, it had been evident, of late, that the work of Divine grace was going forward in her heart, fitting her for the solemn change which so soon awaited her.

After a few weeks of serious indisposition, on the 26th of Third month, she gave birth to a son, who died in a few hours. She appeared to be progressing favourably till the following evening, when symptoms of an alarming nature apprized the dear invalid and her friends that her case was critical.

This brought her into very deep waters, and great was the conflict through which she passed. The sense of her sinfulness almost overwhelmed her, and the cruel enemy was permitted for some time to deprive her of hope; but after several days of much mental suffering, her Saviour was graciously pleased again to reveal Himself to her, to speak peace to the troubled waves, bid her doubts depart, and by the light of His countenance to dispel all her fears.

Though her bodily distress was often great, from

this time all was peace, but the nature of her complaint, which affected her throat, prevented her from expressing much. She was filled with love to all around her, and comforting evidence was granted that she was nearing the desired haven. A few hours before the close she said to her cousin, "I am resting on my Saviour." This was the last sentence that could be gathered from her lips. After a day of much suffering, she was permitted to pass away, very quietly, on Firstday evening, the 3rd; leaving on the minds of those who watched beside her a consoling assurance that, through the mercy of our Heavenly Father, in Christ Jesus, her soul had entered into rest.

During her illness the reading of the Holy Scriptures and several hymns were a source of comfort to her, particularly the 55th chapter of Isaiah, and some lines dictated by Jane Crewdson just before her death :

"Oh, Saviour! I have nought to plead  
In earth beneath, or Heaven above,  
Except mine own exceeding need,  
And Thine exceeding love.  
My need will soon be passed and gone;  
Exceeding great—but quickly o'er;  
The love, unbought, is all Thine own,  
And lasts for evermore."

A large number of friends and neighbours were

present at the funeral, when a striking solemnity was felt to overshadow them. The solemn warning conveyed by the removal of one so young, just as earthly prospects appeared to be brightening before her, helped to direct attention to the Gospel message which was then proclaimed, and an impression was made on the minds of many, it is hoped not soon to be effaced.

“Therefore, be ye also ready, for in such an hour as ye think not, the Son of Man cometh.”

GEORGE NEWSOM, 58 26 2 mo. 1864

*Mount Wilson, Edenderry.*

CELIA NICHOLSON, *Dewsbury.* 4 25 12 mo. 1863

Daughter of Alfred A. and Rebecca Nicholson.

MARY NOBLE, *Ballytore.* 83 11 3 mo. 1864

ELIZABETH NORTHMORE, 67 31 5 mo. 1864

*Bristol.* Widow of John Alfred Northmore.

JAMES JOHN PACKER, *Thirsk.* 26 9 11 mo. 1863

J. J. Packer was a native of Thirsk, and resided there all his life, except one year, when at a school in York. He had no acquaintance with the Society of Friends till his nineteenth year. One of his parents was an Episcopalian, the other an Independent. During his early youth he was left much to the care of a pious grandmother, who took great pains to read and explain the Scriptures to him and his sisters, and to imbue their

minds with love to God. From his sixth to his ninth year he attended the British School at Thirsk, and became greatly attached to his master. In after life he often referred to the benefit he had derived from his instructions. It was the custom to open the school every morning, by reading a chapter of Holy Scripture, after which the master frequently engaged in prayer. J. J. Packer, afterwards writing on this subject, says, "Many and many a time have I felt these times blessed to me. I was seldom late at school; for before reading was begun the door was locked, and those who came late had to stand outside till it was over."

When he was ten years old he was sent to one of the Episcopal schools at York; but it was afterwards a matter of much regret to him that he had been thus removed from the charge of his first master. His mind at the time, and still more afterwards, recoiled from what he felt to be the narrowness of some of the teaching he received, in which the Church of England was spoken of as the only real sheepfold; and doubts were implied as to whether Dissenters would be saved. "I thought," he says, "of my grandmother, of the Independent minister, and some other Nonconformists I had known, and whom I had believed



to be true Christians, and asked, Will they then be turned into hell? I felt that such teaching was a mistake. Thus was I drawn, at an early age, to bestow some thought upon important things, though that thought did not ultimately take the turn my then teachers would have wished."

When fourteen years old he was apprenticed to a printer and bookseller. The early years of his apprenticeship he used to speak of as a time of great carelessness with regard to his eternal interests. Occupied in his daily work in his own business, or helping his father, or absorbed in amusements of various kinds, and often thrown into close association with those whose influence and example were calculated to deaden religious impressions, he lost much of the susceptibility of his earlier youth. "I disregarded," he says, "the visitations of the Lord, and yielded myself up as a willing servant to the world, the flesh, and the devil. It is true that sometimes when the Spirit of Truth reproved me, I used to feel uncomfortable, but I was not restrained by any nobleness of heart, or fear of offending God, but only by a cowardly fear of disgrace in the eyes of my fellow-mortals; so that, if in actual deed I did not go so far as some, I have nothing wherein to glory.

Thoughts and desires are known in heaven ; and mine were bad enough. How shall I praise the Lord for His long suffering and tender mercy toward me, in that He did not cast me off for ever !”

In a few memoranda intended for his children, but which were never completed, he says, referring to the morning on which he first left home to perform business duties ; “ My dear father took me with him into the parlour, and when he had shut the door, he sat down, and taking me close to him, earnestly and lovingly warned me of many of the evils to which I should be exposed, exhorting me to strive to keep clear of them. The practice of tobacco smoking was one of the things he spoke against ; but in this, as in many other things, I disregarded his good advice, to my own great hurt. He little thought I was so much sunk in sin already. For all so sunk there is but one way of escape, and that is, to go to the Lord, and humbly to ask Him for the forgiveness of past sins, for the sake of His dear Son, and for the guidance of the Holy Spirit, that we may be drawn from evil and led in the paths of truth ; and for the continued help of that same Spirit, that we may be enabled to love Him truly and keep His holy laws. For truly, by our own selves, without God’s help, we can do no good thing. I have had

many a heart-ache before I learned this lesson, and I fear that I have not learned it rightly,—that I am but spelling it even yet.”

In the latter years of his apprenticeship he became a teacher in the First-day school of the Independents, and received much kind counsel from the minister, who was in the habit of inviting the teachers to spend an occasional evening at his house. Some of the sermons of the same minister made also a considerable impression upon him. As already noticed, J. J. Packer was nineteen years old when he made his first intimate acquaintance with Friends. For several years he attended a drawing-class, which was taught by a member of our Society; and a taste for natural history was the means of introducing him into a still closer intimacy with some of the other members of the little meeting in his native place. “I have seen it remarked,” he says, “that a man’s life is moulded more by the company he keeps, and the circumstances by which he is surrounded between the ages of fourteen and twenty-one than by anything else. I am thankful that at this critical time, I, apparently accidentally, made an acquaintance, which afterwards ripened into a deep friendship, with a set of people, who, without thinking of it, had a most powerful influence over me for good.”

The following remark, which he makes with regard to his early introduction among Friends, may perhaps be read with profit by others besides those to whom it refers. "Up to this time," he writes, "I had never been to a Friends' Meeting, and, though I thought I had given my friends some rather broad hints that I should like to go, they never invited me, and I came to the conclusion, which I have known very many come to, that Quakers want to keep their meetings to themselves. At last a Friend, travelling in the ministry, held a public meeting at Thirsk, and then the longed for invitation was given. The meeting was largely attended, and the Friend, who spoke at great length to a deeply attentive audience, dwelt upon our Saviour's words, which, to use his own expression, 'seemed to burn themselves into his mind,'—'God is a spirit, and they that worship Him, must worship Him in spirit and in truth.'" These words, and the novel details and circumstances of the gathering, came home to J. J. Packer's mind with a peculiar force and freshness; affording food for meditation for many days. Now that the ice was broken, he began, not unfrequently, to attend the regular Meetings of Friends, and to associate with them more and more. During his apprenticeship his tastes had

led him rather to active than to sedentary recreations; though employed among books and printing, he had cared for reading but little, and for writing still less. Some of his new friends were great readers; and it was a frequent practice with them, when the family group was formed in the evening, for some-one to read aloud whilst the others were engaged in occupations which left them free to listen. Respecting some of the works thus read, he writes, "I used, at times, to feel that I had sinned greatly, and that my life was one of rebellion against God. I wanted to be delivered from sin, and to do right. I tried to do right, or rather, not to do what I knew to be wrong; but oh, how present was evil with me! These books reminded me, that, all sinful and weak as I was, God was indeed *my* Father; that He loved *me*, and was willing to help me, if I would but go to Him, and ask his forgiveness for the past, and help for the future, just as a little child would go to its father when it felt that it needed help and forgiveness. And more; that even those desires which I felt, to depart from evil and to turn to good, were planted within me by the Holy Ghost; and that the Lord would complete within me that which he had begun, if I would but let Him."

On having an offer of the business to which he was apprenticed, two courses were open to this young man. Either to accept this offer, and carry forward the business of a printer and bookseller, which, in a small country town, could hardly be expected to yield much more than the means of living; or that he should follow his father's business, as a brewer and spirit merchant, which it was probable, would yield a considerably larger income. With his father's approbation, he chose the former, and before he was twenty-one, he settled down into his place in life. His increased thoughtfulness now, as compared with what it had been a few years before, was clearly shown by the spirit in which he entered upon his business. The stock of the shop, which he took, comprised a circulating library. One of his first acts was to withdraw a number of unsatisfactory volumes from it, and burn them. The following entry, dated at this time, was found in his pocket-book after his death:—"I desire to be preserved from acquiring money by any means which may, either directly or indirectly, injure my fellow-men." As years passed on, his conscientious wish to regulate the details of his business in accordance with this desire, was one of the striking features of his character. He took great pains in selecting his stock

of books, and in recommending such as were of a sound character. One of his last business acts was to plan an arrangement for supplying useful works, through Mudie's Library, to the young men of the town, at a reduced rate.

About the time that he entered into business, he began to attend regularly the meetings of Friends. And he entered with characteristic zeal and energy into the Reading Meetings and Bible Classes which were established at this period, and which were held sometimes at the Meeting House and sometimes at the private dwellings of the members. In 1858, being thoroughly convinced of the Scriptural soundness of the doctrines held by Friends, he applied for membership and was received by them. In the same year he was united in marriage with Sarah Jane, the daughter of John Baker, of Thirsk.

The meeting of which he became a member was composed principally of young people of both sexes, many of whom were not far from his own age. Feeling himself the joyousness of the pardon of past sin for the sake of the sacrifice made by Jesus on the cross, there was raised in his heart, by the Holy Spirit, a tender concern for the spiritual welfare of those by whom he was surrounded. Under this, he soon felt it to be his

duty to speak occasionally a few words of exhortation in meeting, and sometimes to offer up vocally supplication and praise; but his utterances in our regular meetings for worship were neither frequent nor long.

A few years after he joined Friends, at the suggestion and under the guidance of one of the older members of the meeting, an association was formed for promoting Total Abstinence from intoxicating liquors, with a wish to combine with this a permanent recognition and advocacy of the great truths of religion, in the hope that an entire regeneration might, under the Divine blessing, follow the signing of the pledge. This association held weekly gatherings in the Meeting House, and was called the Thirsk Christian Temperance Society. At these meetings the Bible was read regularly, and the addresses were almost entirely of a religious character. In this association J. J. Packer took a very lively interest, joining the committee of management, and frequently taking part in the meetings as a reader and speaker. After a time the operations of the Society were extended to most of the neighbouring villages, and a large number of members were gathered together. It was thought desirable, also, in connection with this association, to hold meetings on



First-day evenings, for Scripture reading and exhortation, to which those who were not in the practice of attending any place of worship were specially invited. It was at meetings such as these, surrounded by an audience gathered from among the more serious minded of the plain farming population, from the ranks of the ignorant and degraded, and from people with hearts long estranged from God, but now yearning, it might be feebly, after a new life, that our friend felt peculiarly that he had to bear a message of warning and exhortation, of pardon and peace through Jesus Christ, and of guidance by the Holy Spirit; and to them the floodgates of his speech were opened, and his whole heart was poured out. Born and brought up among the people of Thirsk, mixing familiarly, from his youth up, with all classes of its society, he had gained a far deeper knowledge than most have of the ways, the needs, and the temptations of those that surround them.

In 1862, mainly at his suggestion, a First-day school was formed for those who were too old to attend the other schools in the town. About seventy, including both sexes, of the class invited, were found willing to attend. J. J. P. took his part as teacher of one of the classes and general superintendent, and he continued to fill both these posts

as long as he was able. His energy of character led him to throw himself thoroughly into whatever he took in hand, whether religious exercises, business, or gardening for relaxation; and though his frankness of expression often brought him into collision with those from whom he differed in opinion, these could scarcely fail to recognise and respect his open-hearted sincerity and kindliness.

He was an only and very affectionate son. His mother died a few years before his father, whom he lost in 1863, and whom he watched with unwearied attention in times of severe illness. In the autumn of the same year, James himself took cold just when the severe weather was setting in. After a few days, symptoms of low fever became developed. His friends were not at first seriously alarmed, but he himself seemed to feel strongly that his recovery was doubtful. He was brought very low, but at the end of six weeks was able to rise from his bed. Then a relapse came on, and he fell into a state of stupor, with occasional delirium; and after two more weeks, exhausted nature gave way, and he sank peacefully to rest, leaving a widow and two children. While consciousness remained, he felt peaceful, in the full assurance that, through Divine mercy, his sins were pardoned, and his name was enrolled in the Lamb's Book of Life.

The following is one of the few letters which he wrote, that has been preserved. We believe it will be read with interest :

“Thirsk, 2 mo. 6, 1861.”

“My dear Sister,”

“It has pleased our kind, long-suffering, and most merciful Heavenly Father again to call us, and that most powerfully, to give ourselves up to Him more completely than we have hitherto done. This morning, while weeping with those that wept, we have been reminded of many holy thoughts, of many fervent prayers, and of many good resolutions which have been formed under similar circumstances in times past. We have been brought again to say with the Psalmist, ‘So teach us to number our days that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom.’ We must know that our days here cannot be many. The dear friend whose body has just been committed to the earth, was a few years ago, to all appearance, quite as likely to live to a good old age as either thou or I, yet she is taken and we are left! Left, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom; that by the efficacy of the Redeemer’s blood, and a patient and submissive obedience to all the requirements of the Holy Spirit, whether in small or great things, we may glorify Him for whose glory we

have our being, and by so doing may recover our strength before we go hence. Oh, how fervently have I desired that we may seek after true wisdom, that we may be enabled through faith in our crucified and risen Lord, to shake off, with His good help, those fetters with which the world, the flesh, and our soul's adversary have bound us; and so be enabled to rejoice in that service in which alone is perfect freedom. Let us take heed, my dear sister, to the words of the apostle Paul. 'Be not deceived: evil communications corrupt good manners: awake to righteousness and sin not,' lest we be numbered amongst those who 'have not the knowledge of God.' Let us pray constantly that we may be 'steadfast, unmoveable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, forasmuch as we know that our labour is not in vain in the Lord.' Then when our work is done here, when we are called upon to leave those whom we have loved, and for whom we have laboured, wept and prayed, and with whom we have often been glad and rejoiced; we shall be enabled to obey the voice that calleth us away without repining, nay, perhaps, even with gladness, knowing that it is the voice of our Father, that He knows what is best for us, and that as He has helped and sustained us through

our pilgrimage, He also will help and sustain those loved ones we leave behind us. Think, think of the blessedness of hearing Him who died for us, saying to us, yes, to *us*, 'Come ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world.' "

"Thy affectionate brother,"

"J. J. PACKER."

HARRIETT PURKISS, 58 5 9 mo. 1864

*Great Baddow, Chelmsford.*

ELIZABETH PAYNE, *Croydon.* 66 28 2 mo. 1864

JOSEPH PEARSON, *Browscalt,* 79 11 3 mo. 1864

*Cumberland.*

JOSEPH PEARSON, 84 8 11 mo. 1864

*Co. Carran.*

EDWARD LUCAS PENNEY, 4 31 3 mo. 1864

*Southwick, near Brighton.* Son of Robert H. and Lucy R. Penney.

GULIELMA PENNEY, 9 6 5 mo. 1864

*Southwick, near Brighton.* Daughter of Robert H. and Lucy R. Penney.

ELIZABETH PENNOCK, 38 12 12 mo. 1863

*Hulme, Manchester.* Wife of Edward Pennock.

GEORGE RANDALL PENROSE, 86 19 1 mo. 1864

*Waterford.*

JOHN PERRY, *Ballinagore.* 57 8 6 mo. 1864

HERBERT HUDSON PILLAR,	1	6	3 mo.	1864
<i>Rathmines, Co. Dublin.</i>	Son of James and Susanna Pillar.			
JONATHAN PIM, <i>Mountmellick.</i>	67	28	4 mo.	1864
JAMES HENRY PIM,	38	12	4 mo.	1863
<i>Maryborough.</i>				
JOSEPH POWELL, <i>Copford,</i>	62	26	11 mo.	1863
<i>Essex.</i>				

J. P.'s decease affords another instance of the uncertain tenure of human life. He possessed strong reasoning powers, which, at one period, were unhappily exercised. Unknown to those about him, he imbibed sceptical opinions with regard to the vital truths of Christianity. Whilst in this state of mind, he received a family visit from Joseph John Gurney, who was enabled to speak to his real condition with such clearness, and to advocate the truth with such convincing force, that all his doubts were removed, and he continued ever after a firm and consistent upholder of Christian principles as maintained by Friends.

His upright conduct and conversation adorned the doctrine which he professed, and gained him the cordial esteem and respect of persons of every class and denomination, whilst his general kindness and frankness of manners, and the originality of his conversation, enlivened by his literary taste,

at once attracted the interest of those who came in contact with him.

In the vigour of life and health, and whilst thus held in a peculiar degree of brotherly regard by his friends, he was seized with the illness which, in five days, terminated in his death. Danger was not apprehended till near the close. He evinced great calmness and resignation throughout his short though suffering illness, and dropped expressions to his sisters, who resided with him, and to whom he had ever been an affectionate brother, which afforded comforting assurance that he was not unprepared for the solemn messenger.

MARY PRIESTMAN, 84 14 7 mo. 1864

*Derrudden, Cumberland.*

DAVID RAGGATT, *Bristol.* 74 19 8 mo. 1864

RICHARD RAMPLEN, *Ipswich.* 74 26 9 mo. 1864

SARAH RANSOME, *Ipswich.* 68 6 10 mo. 1863

An Elder. Wife of Robert Ransome.

Although naturally of a diffident and retiring character she was well known by a large circle of family connections and friends, and was much beloved.

Her health had been for some time feeble, when an accident occurred to her during her attendance of the Yearly Meeting in 1858, by which the spine was injured. From this time she became

the confirmed invalid, and was scarcely ever free from pain, and that often very acute.

With a gentle and refined mind, Sarah Ransome was gifted with a deep sense of her Saviour's love, by the comfort and support of which she was enabled to bear her affliction with fortitude, and to know it to be a means in the Divine hand of bringing her heart nearer to God. Very comforting and instructive was it to those nearest and dearest to her to observe the exercises of her spirit in prayer, as also to listen to her teachings, which clearly evidenced the state of her own mind. To the progress of the work of grace in her soul, and her interest for the best welfare of others, much private memoranda bears confirming evidence.

It was repeatedly her remark to her beloved husband, and occasionally to others, that it had been her anxious desire to go forward in the latter days of her life as a "rejoicing Christian," but that "constant pain was a hindering thing." Still, throughout her illness no murmur escaped her lips, and she manifested the power of vital religion to help and sustain under suffering, enabling her as it did to bow in meek and patient submission to the Divine will.

In the retrospect of her past life the sense of



duties omitted, at times deeply humbled her; yet as these were brought to the fountain opened for sin and uncleanness she was graciously permitted to feel that they were all forgiven; and, resting in faith on the Saviour's atoning sacrifice, she was strengthened peacefully and patiently to wait till it pleased her Heavenly Father to call her hence, when we may reverently believe the immortal spirit took its flight to a blissful eternity.

GEORGE ALBERT RECKITT. 2 23 9 mo. 1863

Son of George and Elizabeth S. Reckitt, late of Hull.

FOSTER REYNOLDS, *Croydon*. 68 15 4 mo. 1864

ELIZABETH RICHARDS, *Bath*. 87 5 11 mo. 1863

Widow of Edmund Richards.

EDWARD RICHARDSON, 58 27 11 mo. 1863

*Newcastle-on-Tyne*.

ALBERT RICHARDSON, 20 21 1 mo. 1864

*Sunderland*. Son of William Richardson.

ELIZABETH RIDGWAY, 75 20 5 mo. 1864

*Waterford*.

THOMAS RIGGE, *Liverpool*. 49 17 1 mo. 1864

LOUISA JANE RING, 25 25 6 mo. 1864

*Bedminster*. Daughter of John Y. and Keturah Ring.

HERBERT ROBARTS, 6 22 10 mo. 1863

*Penzance*. Son of the late George Robarts.

MARY NEILD, ROBINSON.	55	21	7 mo.	1864
<i>Manchester.</i> An Elder.				
ROSANNA ROBINSON,	85	1	3 mo.	1864
<i>Berkhampstead.</i> Widow of John Robinson.				
THOMAS ROBSON, <i>Jersey.</i>	59	10	2 mo.	1864
MARY ROOKE, <i>Manchester.</i>	62	31	1 mo.	1864
Wife of John Rooke.				
SARAH RUSSELL, <i>Ballinnair.</i>	79	27	6 mo.	1864
Wife of Thomas Russell.				
JOSEPH RUTTER, <i>Swansea.</i>	71	5	3 mo.	1864
FRANCES REBECCA RUTTER,	43	3	12 mo.	1863
<i>Newcastle-on-Tyne.</i>				
JAMES THOMAS RUTTER,	37	6	12 mo.	1863
<i>Hackney.</i>				
NICHOLAS SANSON,	59	3	2 mo.	1864
<i>Tideford, Cornwall.</i>				
EDWARD SATTERTHWAITE,	1	3	8 mo.	1864
<i>Colthouse.</i> Son of William and Jane Satterthwaite.				
HANNAH SEWELL, <i>Hitchin.</i>	78	27	3 mo.	1864
Wife of Edward Sewell.				
GEORGE ATKINSON	74	18	8 mo.	1864
<i>SHACKLETON, Malton.</i>				
SARAH SHANNON, <i>Dublin.</i>	73	22	1 mo.	1864
Widow of William Shannon.				
MARY SHEPHARD, <i>Islington.</i>	62	21	11 mo.	1863
SARAH SHEWELL, <i>Colchester.</i>	72	13	2 mo.	1864
Wife of Joseph Shewell.				

This dear friend was from an early period of life the subject of the visitations of Divine love, and as she advanced to maturer years, she grew in grace, and in the knowledge of her Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ, whom she loved, and desired to serve. She possessed, in a more than ordinary degree, the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, and was endowed with a naturally amiable disposition, which, being improved by the transforming influence of religious principle, enabled her to show forth, out of a good conversation, a Christian example to all around her. She was married in her twenty-third year, and became the mother of a numerous family, whom it was her constant endeavour to bring up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord; she also managed a large and mixed household with singular discretion. Her mind was peculiarly tender and susceptible, yet such was the watchfulness of her spirit that those who knew her most intimately can testify that, she was never known to utter an unkind or hasty expression, even to a child or servant. Her patience appeared to be inexhaustible, and she was especially careful to avoid giving or taking offence; yet she made a very low estimate of her own spiritual attainments; nor was she able, at times, to lay hold of those exceed-

ingly great and precious promises which the Lord has in store for those who love Him. She was a kind and judicious helper of the poor, and was greatly respected and esteemed by her friends and neighbours, as was largely manifested on the occasion of her death. Her health had been gradually declining for more than a year before that event took place, but her last illness was short, and not attended with apparent danger, insomuch that her sudden call from the scenes of time to those of the invisible world was wholly unexpected. Yet those she has left behind thankfully believe she was, through Divine mercy, ready for the summons. She was down stairs within about an hour of her decease, which occurred soon after she retired to bed, the only symptom being a momentary sense of faintness. To her case the language of the poet is applicable :—

“ Behold the bed of death !

    This pale and lovely clay :

Heard ye the sob of parting breath ?

    Mark'd ye the eye's last ray ?

No ! life so sweetly ceased to be,

It lapsed in immortality.”

“ Her children arise up and call her blessed, her husband also, and he praiseth her.” Yet amidst tender regret for their loss, her connections entertain the consoling hope that her redeemed and

purified spirit is, through unmerited mercy, for ever at rest, in the sacred presence of her Lord and Saviour, to whom be ascribed all honour, glory and praise.

JAMES SHIPMAN, *Reading*. 73 27 1 mo. 1864

ANNABELLA SILL, *Southport*. 67 5 11 mo. 1863

GEORGE SIMPSON, 34 14 10 mo. 1863

*Weston-super-Mare.*

SARAH SIMPSON, 96 18 6 mo. 1864

*Mountmellick.* Widow of John Simpson.

ANN SINTON, *Cork*. 68 18 10 mo. 1863

SARAH SINTON, 24 16 2 mo. 1864

*Tamnamore, Moyallen.* Daughter of David and Sarah Sinton.

THOMAS SMITH, 67 18 11 mo. 1863

*Wickham Hall, near Witham.*

MARIA CLARE SMITH, 4 27 10 mo. 1863

*Weston-super-Mare.* Daughter of H. B. Smith.

HANNAH SMITH, 85 23 5 mo. 1864

*Saffron Walden.*

HANNAH SMITH, 70 24 9 mo. 1864

*Great Bardfield, Essex.*

MARGARET SMITH, *Ratcliff*. 60 12 7 mo. 1864

Wife of Joseph Smith.

NATHAN SMITH, *Lewes*. 80 11 6 mo. 1864

ALICE SMITH, *Ilulstead*. 71 21 2 mo. 1864

- EMILY OCTAVIA SPARKES, 4 14 6 mo. 1864  
*Exeter.* Daughter of Thos. and Esther Maria Sparkes.
- FRANCIS SPARKES, 2 12 10 mo. 1863  
*Darlington.* Son of J. M. and Susanna Sparkes.
- FRANCES BERTHA SPENCER, 1 4 11 mo. 1863  
*Sturton, Lincolnshire.* Daughter of James and Abigail Spencer.
- RACHEL SQUIRE, 86 23 1 mo. 1864  
*Needham-Market.* An Elder. Widow of John Squire.
- ELIZABETH SQUIRE, 58 7 4 mo. 1864  
*Needham-Market.* An Elder.
- EDWIN STANDING, 3 27 1 mo. 1864  
*Pennington, near Leigh.* Son of Isaac and Mary Ann Standing.
- ROBERT FOSSICK STAPLETON, 3 26 9 mo. 1864  
*Mile End, Ratcliff.* Son of George B. and Eliza Stapleton.
- ANN STEADMAN, 92 7 2 mo. 1864  
*Stoke Newington.* Widow of John Steadman.
- WILLIAM MORLEY STEARS, 61 21 3 mo. 1864  
*Hull.*
- MARY STEEVENS, 80 16 1 mo. 1864  
*High Wycombe.*
- ANN STERRY, *Croydon.* 76 28 1 mo. 1864  
 Wife of Richard Sterry.

EDWARD STICKNEY,	90	18	12 mo.	1863
<i>Beverley.</i>				
PASCHA SUTCLIFF, <i>Malvern.</i>	67	13	6 mo.	1864
ROBERT SYKES,	57	24	5 mo.	1864
<i>Shepley, near Huddersfield.</i>				
ELIZA TANNER,	70	2	4 mo.	1864
<i>Mere, Wiltshire.</i> Widow of John Tanner, of Bristol.				
FRANCIS TAVERNER,	82	5	3 mo.	1864
<i>Limerick.</i>				
ELIZABETH TENNANT,	73	10	1 mo.	1864
<i>Over, near Nantwich.</i> Widow of Christopher Tennant.				
RICHARD THISTLETHWAITE,	66	2	7 mo.	1864
<i>Bough Hey, near Preston.</i> An Elder.				
SARAH THOMAS, <i>Ross.</i>	76	19	12 mo.	1863
An Elder.				
MARY THORNE, <i>Leeds.</i>	72	20	4 mo.	1864
JOHN THOMPSON,	73	18	5 mo.	1864
<i>Rawden.</i>				
ARTHUR THRELFALL,	45	21	3 mo.	1864
<i>Kendal.</i>				
MARY THRESHER, <i>Sudbury.</i>	81	21	10 mo.	1863
JOHN THWAITE, <i>Rochdale.</i>	64	12	1 mo.	1864
An Elder.				
GEORGE LE TISSIER,	76	8	12 mo.	1863
<i>Guernsey.</i>				

ELIZABETH TREGELLES,	69	19	3 mo.	1864	
<i>Falmouth.</i>					
MABEL TUKE, <i>Bradford.</i>	78	8	2 mo.	1864	
ISAAC WILLIAM UNTHANK,	51	10	3 mo.	1864	
<i>Limerick.</i>					
JOSEPH WADDINGTON,	44	12	1 mo.	1864	
<i>Penwortham, near Preston.</i>					
ELIZABETH WALDUCK,	70	31	7 mo.	1864	
<i>Cheltenham.</i>					
HENRY WALKER,	79	9	6 mo.	1863	
<i>Darlington.</i>					
CHARLES WALKER,	1	29	3 mo.	1864	
<i>Manchester.</i>					Son of Jonathan and Jane Walker.
PETER WALKER, <i>Workington.</i>	79	14	1 mo.	1864	
SARAH WALKER, <i>Colthouse.</i>	20	23	6 mo.	1864	
					Daughter of Jonathan and Elizabeth Walker.
SARAH ANN WALLIS,	36	13	11 mo.	1863	
<i>Scarborough.</i>					Wife of Francis Wallis.
ELIZABETH WALPOLE,	69	29	3 mo.	1864	
<i>Carlou.</i>					
JOHN WATKINS,	54	4	4 mo.	1864	
<i>Eydon, Northamptonshire.</i>					
WILLIAM JOHNSON WATSON,	4	7	12 mo.	1863	
<i>Newcastle-under-Lyme.</i>					Son of Henry Watson.
JOHN HENRY WATSON,	7	29	12 mo.	1863	
<i>Newcastle-under-Lyme.</i>					Son of Henry Watson.



- JOHN WATSON, *Sheffield*. 24 17 7 mo. 1864  
Son of Thomas Watson.
- THOMAS WELLS, *Northampton*. 1 2 4 mo. 1864  
Son of Samuel and Louisa Wells.
- AMY ROLLES WERE, 63 8 5 mo. 1864  
*Bitterne, near Southampton*. Wife of Morris Were.
- EVAN KENNARD WESTON, 25 7 6 mo. 1864  
*Shanghai, late of Great Yarmouth*.
- JOHN WETHERELD, *Dublin*. 41 27 1 mo. 1864
- SAMUEL JOHN WHITE, 45 28 4 mo. 1863  
*Westbury, near Bristol*.
- SARAH ANN WHITE, 1 2 5 mo. 1864  
*Glasgow*. Daughter of John Charles White.
- ANN WHITE, *Kensington*. 87 3 mo. 1864
- SIMMONS WHITE, *Waterford*. 39 31 8 mo. 1864
- MARY WHITEHEAD, *Stebbing*, 79 22 12 mo. 1863  
*Essex*. Widow of Mark Whitehead.
- SARAH WHITTEN, 40 27 8 mo. 1863  
*Mountmellick*.
- SOPHIA ELLIOTT WIFFEN, 67 16 1 mo. 1864  
*Mount Pleasant, near Woburn*.
- JOHN HENRY WIGHAM, 5 21 10 mo. 1863  
*Dublin*. Son of Henry and Hannah M. Wigham.
- EDWARD WILLIAMS, junior. 21 29 12 mo. 1863  
*Birmingham*. Son of Edward and Mary Ann Williams.

BENJAMIN WILSON, <i>Oldham.</i>	75	2	3 mo.	1864
HANNAH WISE, <i>Aspley Guise.</i>	70	30	1 mo.	1864
MARGARET WISE,	69	21	3 mo.	1864
<i>Tottenham.</i> Wife of Thomas Wise.				
ALFRED HENRY WOOD,	10	19	9 mo.	1863
<i>Holmfirth.</i> Son of Alfred and Elizabeth Wood.				
JOSEPH WOODS,	87	9	1 mo.	1864
<i>Southover, near Lewes.</i>				
HANNAH WOODVILLE, <i>York.</i>	84	22	6 mo.	1864
GEORGE WRIGHT, <i>Cork.</i>	43	30	3 mo.	1864
MARGARET WYCHERLEY,	13	27	9 mo.	1864
<i>Adderbury.</i> Daughter of James Wycherley.				
AGNES YEARDLEY, <i>Rochdale.</i>	56	29	11 mo.	1863
An Elder. Wife of John Yeardley.				

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The following record of deaths from a family of Friends, but lately removed from this country to Canada, has been forwarded for insertion in our ANNUAL MONITOR:—

HUGH WALLACE MARRIAGE,	2	16	7 mo.	1864
FELIX MARRIAGE,	12	1	8 mo.	1864
MURIEL HOPE MARRIAGE,	7 mo.	7	8 mo.	1864
Children of Walter and Rachel W. Marriage, <i>of Montreal, Canada East.</i>				

In recording the decease of the eldest of these

three dear children, it is thought that a few particulars of his simple faith might prove interesting and perhaps instructive to others.

His health had failed so much for some weeks before his last illness (diphtheria) commenced, that medical aid had been sought, and he was forbidden all study and reading, of which he had been very fond. From some serious conversation then, it was thought he was alive to his delicate state.

After he had been ill a week his youngest brother died in the same chamber, and Felix knelt with the family around the lovely remains. Previously to this he had taken a text book, and handing it to his parents, had remarked on the appropriateness of the part he opened at, bearing date, 8 mo. 8th, by which time he and his infant sister had also departed.

“ Weep ye not for the dead ; neither bemoan him.”

“ Oh, grieve not for the dead ! none pass from earth  
Too soon : God then fulfils His purpose in our birth.”

He wished greatly to go to his brother's funeral in the cemetery, that he might see where he too should be laid ; but when the day came he was too ill even for his mother to leave him.

He greatly enjoyed being read to, and particularly liked :—

and, “ One sweetly solemn thought, &c. ; ”  
“ Over the river, over the river,  
My brother is waiting to welcome me.”

Also, “ The Second Creation,” which his mother and he had been learning together, little thinking how

“ Soon the whole,  
Like a parched scroll,  
Should before *his* amazed sight uproll ;  
And, without a screen,  
At one burst be seen  
The Presence wherein he had ever been.”

On being asked if seeing his little brother die had made him more afraid to die, he said, “ No, I do not wish to live ! ” and he desired those about him to pray for him. When told he must pray himself, “ I do,” he replied. When questioned as to what reason he had for thinking he should go to Heaven, he replied, “ Because I have prayed to be forgiven, and Jesus has forgiven them,” meaning his sins. One day he told his mother of childish sins and tempers that had weighed on his mind, thus showing the Spirit's work in making sin appear more clearly as sin ; whilst the admission that “ it felt nice to think of Jesus,” combined with his continued fearlessness of death, was a source of encouragement also.

On the last day of his life (a Sabbath) the family gathered in his room for meeting, first reading a chapter, when he queried, "Will it be wrong if I go to sleep?" Towards evening it became evident that life was fast ebbing away. After a sleep he said, "I dreamed I was lying down asleep, by the side of a river, and some one came and took me away, and I was in Heaven afterwards—so happy." When asked if he saw dear, little Hugh, or any one he knew, he said, "No, only all so bright!" About twelve at night, after passing some hours of great restlessness and suffering, reading being again proposed, his mother chose his favourite chapter, the last of Revelations. He seemed to be following her, when just as she read the words, "Even so, come Lord Jesus," he opened his eyes wide as if looking beyond her, and, after a short struggle, was, it was solemnly believed, safe with Jesus.

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*INFANTS whose Names are not Inserted.*

Under one month	...	...	Boys	1	...	Girls	4
From one to three months...	do.	3	...	do.	1		
From three to six months	...	do.	3	...	do.	5	
From six to twelve months	do.	10	...	do.	1		

TABLE.

*Shewing the Deaths, at different Ages, in the Society of Friends, in Great Britain and Ireland, during the Years 1861—62, 1862—63, and 1863—64.*

AGE.	YEAR 1861—62			YEAR 1862—63.			YEAR 1863—64.		
	Male.	Female	Total.	Male.	Female.	Total.	Male.	Female.	Total.
Under 1 year* . . . . .	14	8	22	7	6	13	17	11	28
Under 5 years . . . . .	19	16	35	12	17	29	30	23	53
From 5 to 10 " . . . . .	6	2	8	5	4	9	8	7	15
" 10 to 15 " . . . . .	4	2	6	5	4	9	2	1	3
" 15 to 20 " . . . . .	3	5	8	6	5	11	2	4	6
" 20 to 30 " . . . . .	14	10	24	6	9	15	12	16	28
" 30 to 40 " . . . . .	8	14	22	10	15	25	7	12	19
" 40 to 50 " . . . . .	1	14	15	6	5	11	11	7	18
" 50 to 60 " . . . . .	14	7	21	9	15	24	13	12	25
" 60 to 70 " . . . . .	24	21	45	20	18	38	17	39	56
" 70 to 80 " . . . . .	30	40	70	34	41	75	23	34	57
" 80 to 90 " . . . . .	9	27	36	15	26	41	15	26	41
" 90 to 100 " . . . . .	3	4	7	3	12	15	3	6	9
All Ages . . . . .	135	162	297	131	171	302	143	187	330

\*The numbers in this series are included in the next, "under 5 years."

Average age in 1861—62, 50 years, 10 months, and 15 days.

Average age in 1862—63, 53 years, and 8 days.

Average age in 1863—64, 48 years, 5 months, and 9 days.

## JOHN WIGHAM (Tertius).

AN ELDER.

*Died at Edinburgh, the 27th of Tenth Month, 1864,  
aged 80 years.*

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In the long life of this dear friend, there are no very striking incidents to record ; it was simply a consistent, unostentatious walk of Christian integrity. During its course, he met with many trials and vicissitudes, which he bore with patient resignation to the Divine will. His prevailing characteristic was a beaming cheerfulness, founded on love ;—love to God, and an ever-expanding love to his fellow-men, which endeared him to all with whom he came in contact, and especially to those who knew him best. His love for young people, and especially for little children, was very great, and his playfulness and gentleness with them indicated the child-like nature which corresponded to theirs, and to which they turned with reciprocating affection.

He was the son of Thomas and Jane Wigham, of Cornwood, Northumberland, and was born

there in 1784. In the year 1805, he removed to Edinburgh, and in the course of a few years entered into partnership, in the manufacturing business, with his cousin, John Wigham, junior, son of John and Elizabeth Wigham, who, twenty years previously, at the call of religious duty, had settled in Scotland.

While he carried out very fully the apostolic injunction, to be "not slothful in business," we believe he also sought to be "fervent in spirit, serving the Lord." By the strength thus obtained, he was enabled to walk honestly in the sight of all men, and, though possessing much business ability, to retain a straightforward simplicity which was remarkable in one brought so much in contact with the world.

During the early part of his mercantile life, he travelled extensively on business, at a period when travelling was a much more exposed and laborious undertaking than it has become since the introduction of railways. In the commercial room, he met with a great variety of character, and not unfrequently felt called upon to administer caution and counsel to those whom he saw deviating from the path of rectitude, or whose inexperience exposed them to dangers on the way; and many have borne testimony to the benefit they derived from his example and advice.



In 1855 he retired from business with an ample competency ; but two years afterwards, the greater portion of his property was swept away by the failure of the Western Bank of Scotland, in which he was a shareholder. This failure was a national calamity which brought many to poverty, and some even to the grave. John Wigham bore it with quiet submission, and after the troublesome period of settlement was over, seldom alluded to his losses, but cheerfully accommodated himself to his altered circumstances ; and, at the same time, encouraged his fellow sufferers by his consoling words. He often remarked that "there would be no need for money in the kingdom of Heaven," and he would sometimes say that if any one had offered to lend him this money till his children were all reared, educated, and in a position to provide for themselves, he would have been very thankful, and would surely not have repined when the loan was resumed.

He was deeply attached to the principles of the Society of Friends, both from education and conviction, and took a lively interest in its welfare. He never allowed business, or any other cause than illness, to interfere with his regular attendance at any of our meetings for worship, and he often encouraged others, especially the young, not

to neglect the performance of this religious duty. He was also a diligent attender of meetings for discipline, and was a valuable member of the Society in Scotland, especially of his own particular meeting, in which his lively interest and faithful services will long be missed. His enjoyment in frequently attending our Yearly Meetings was very great, and when declining health prevented his doing so, his mind followed his friends from day to day, in earnest solicitude that the cause of Truth might be advanced by their deliberations.

At the close of 1863 his health more rapidly declined, and he attended meeting for the last time on the last day in the year. As feebleness increased, he himself knew that it was the beginning of the end, and looked around to see that his house was in order. Some matters of business with which he was associated were transferred to other hands, and then he took no further thought of worldly affairs, but seemed quietly awaiting the final summons.

Earnest had ever been his longings that he might have sensible assurance of acceptance with the Saviour, and, through Divine Grace, he was enabled to say, "I feel satisfied that I have had all granted me that I require." During the long,

fine summer, he had visits from many relations and friends with whom he held very precious intercourse, and to many of them he imparted solemn and touching counsel. His greatest enjoyment was hearing read the Gospel according to John, especially from the 14th to the 17th chapters. When he was asked to select the reading, his reply usually was, "Oh! I think we cannot do better than read the Saviour's own parting words." And so the summer wore on, and autumn came. There was not much change till the 13th of the Tenth month, the day of the Two-Months Meeting of Edinburgh. Several friends came to see him, and in the evening he wished a chapter of the Bible to be read; without his selection, it came in course to read his favourite portion, "Let not your hearts be troubled, ye believe in God, believe also in Me, in my Father's house are many mansions," &c. He enjoyed the reading, and a few words in reference to it offered by a friend. Very shortly after, he became much exhausted, and was with difficulty assisted upstairs. Great feebleness continued, with much difficulty of breathing caused by impeded action of the heart, but his gentle patience was exceedingly instructive; not a single word of complaint ever passing his lips.

On the text being repeated, "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on Thee, because he trusteth in Thee," he responded "Oh! yes, that is just it." Speech became more and more difficult as the days wore on, yet at times he had a little added strength, and he enjoyed hearing the Psalms read or repeated, as well as other passages of Scripture. Sometimes he remarked "Those are very precious promises," and in reference to the Twenty-third Psalm he feelingly said, "Oh! that is very beautiful." Once when he seemed very weary and exhausted, the passages respecting rest were repeated, "There remaineth a rest for the people of God." "They who have believed do enter into rest"—he looked up brightly, and with a firmer voice than usual said, "I do believe on the Saviour," the intonation indicating that thus he could accept all those gracious words. When the following beautiful lines were repeated to him,

"What then? For all my sins His pardoning grace,  
For all my wants and woes, His loving kindness,"

he rejoined solemnly and sweetly, "I have found His pardoning grace," and a happy smile and full assent followed all allusions to the tender mercy and loving kindness of the Lord. Two

very favourite passages were, "Like as a Father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him," &c., and the kindred one, "If ye then being evil know how to give good gifts unto your children, how much more will your Heavenly Father give the Holy Spirit to them that ask Him." On the three days previous to his death several of his friends called to see him, and although he was very feeble he indicated to all his affectionate recognition and loving farewell. When power to articulate, and even to form the sweet smile on the lips failed, he still turned his head in the attitude of listening intelligence, as verses of Scripture were repeated till within a few hours of his departure.

On Fifth day morning, the 27th of Tenth month, at a quarter before eleven o'clock his spirit, gently and without a struggle, returned to that God, in whose love and tender mercy in Christ Jesus he had so much delighted.

"Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth; Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours, and their works do follow them."

THOMAS SMITH,  
*The Green Street Missionary.\**

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In deciding to occupy a few vacant pages of the ANNUAL MONITOR with this and the following sketch, the Editor of the present volume has felt some hesitation from the apprehension that they might already be familiar to many of its readers; he has had, however, but little time in which to choose, and nothing more suitable presented itself. He does not wish it to be supposed that he holds up these earnest labourers as examples for the imitation of others in each detail of their active service; far from it. The lesson which their lives seem to teach, he takes to be mainly this:— They loved their Saviour, they desired fully to serve Him. They were not bound by trammels placed upon them by their own prejudices, or by undue deference to what others might think, and

\* Extracted from “Winter Work, or The Green Street Mission,” published by Nisbet & Co. The rest of this little book, giving a further account of the work begun by Thomas Smith, will be found well worth perusing.

what their hands found to do they did with great humility—but they did it with all their might, and the Lord abundantly blessed their labours. In these respects does not their example loudly call upon all, who, like them, love their Saviour, to go and do likewise.

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In the year 1858, a youth of twenty-one years of age found his way from the village of Mangotsfield to the beautiful neighbourhood of Clifton. He was a genuine specimen of an English labourer, with brown hair, blue eyes, ruddy cheeks, and well-knit frame. Honesty was written on his countenance, with something of the energy and undaunted resolution which mark the English character.

His cordial shake of the hand, his pleasant smile, his brief, simple, straightforward mode of expression, indicated that he was frank and kind; beyond this there was nothing remarkable in his aspect. He was neither handsome, nor intellectual, nor educated. He could read and write, but that was all. He could not utter a sentence according to rule, nor boast a single accomplishment. Yet he marked out a path for others to tread, and commenced a work which was not to die with him.

Untaught in this world's science, he had come under Heavenly teaching. His was one of those sudden cases of conversion, which can only be attributed to the direct agency of the Holy Spirit, and which, as results show them to be genuine, tell with almost the force of miracle upon unbelieving associates. He had been thoughtless, vacant, wild, as the rest of his village companions, until one day he chanced to be present at a meeting of the Primitive Methodists. That dear old hymn of Cowper's, "There is a fountain filled with blood," was sung to the well known revival tune, and it reached Thomas Smith's heart. Before the singing ceased he had felt himself to be a sinner, and had looked to Jesus, as his Saviour. He went away from that meeting another man. Thoughts, desires, motives, pursuits, were all changed. He was a "new creature in Christ Jesus." He came to Clifton and obtained work as a mason's apprentice. He attended the Sunday and week-day services at Hope Chapel, sought out religious associates, became a diligent teacher in the Sunday School, and joined a Monday evening cottage prayer meeting. He also commenced a journal, which affords abundant evidence of the delight with which he availed himself of every religious service.



His mind was cast in somewhat of the John Bunyan mould, and he luxuriated in the language and imagery of Scripture. Of this his little journal furnishes many instances. Thus, January 29th, 1859, he writes—"This is my spiritual birthday, and thank the Lord, though I am no older, I can walk and talk. I am just two years old to-day. Had any one seen me two years ago this very day, they might have said that I was the most miserable soul living, for I was bound in chains of sin, in prison, in the dark, dead to everything good; but the Lord saw me, He set me free, He gave me sight, He pardoned my sin. I once was dead to all happiness, but now I enjoy the love of God in my heart,—I love His people, I love His house, I love His service.

‘O happy day!  
When I began to watch and pray;  
O happy day!  
When Jesus washed my sins away.’”

More than once he speaks of his conversion as his birthday, and of the day of his death as “coming of age.”

One Sabbath evening, he writes, “I have enjoyed sweet communion with God, my Heavenly Father, and have had such a sight of the mansion that I shall have to dwell in when I come of age!

I cannot tell when that will be, but, I am sure of this, that it *will* come; therefore, O Lord, do Thou, in Thy love, keep me continually looking to Thee, and living for Thee, that I may be prepared to meet Thee, come death how, or when, it may."

The Christian conflict was one of his favourite illustrations. Thus, April, 1839, he writes, "I am glad and pleased with the bounty which is given to the soldiers of Christ, and I feel that bye and by, when the war is over, if true to my Captain, I shall receive the reward which is laid up for all the soldiers who are true to their colours and faithful to death." Again, April 14th,—“ Had to engage in a hot battle to-day, with the enemy of souls; but, thank God, the armour fitted so well that I was enabled to withstand him, and the Lord gave me plenty of shots to fire at him, and I *did* fire at him in the strength of God, till at last he fled from me defeated, and there and then I thanked God for His goodness to me in giving me the victory."

And again he says, "I feel it such an honour to be in Christ's army, and I am determined to do what I can, the Lord helping me. I will go out into the streets and lanes, and byways and highways, as a recruiting sergeant, to try if I can enlist any soldiers for Jesus. The Lord help me. Amen."

The resolution thus formed was in due time carried into effect. On his way to the Sunday School he was in the habit of passing by a street which had, at that period, an unenviable notoriety in the neighbourhood. Dowry Chapel adjoined it in one direction, and Hope Chapel in another; and Christian visitors from these and other congregations had paid much attention to the people, but with apparently little result. It seemed an exemplification of the old adage, "The nearer the church, the farther from God." The inhabitants, for the most part, spent their leisure hours in drinking, swearing, quarrelling, or begging, and as many as a hundred would sometimes turn out to enjoy the spectacle of a fight in the open street.

Thomas Smith witnessed the condition of these poor people, and laid it to heart. Many a sleepless night he passed in thinking of their misery; and very often would he rise from his bed to pray for them. He asked that he might be enabled to help them, and be taught the right way. Earnest he was, but neither rash nor impatient, and it was not until after many long months of prayer and waiting that he ventured to make an attempt.

Having been informed that a front room on a ground floor in the street was to be let, he went to see it, and, thinking it would answer his pur-

pose, he agreed to rent it at two shillings and sixpence per week. This room was but fifteen feet long, twelve feet wide, and nine feet high. It had one window looking into the street, and opened into a small, low, inner room, about six feet square, without window or outlet, where in case of crowding, a few children could sit. With the help of another man, Thomas whitewashed the walls, and painted the wainscot and window, knocked a few forms together, and contrived a little desk or pulpit, on which he placed a red cloth cushion and trimming. From the ceiling a cooper's hoop, with four sockets for candles, was suspended as a chandelier, while the walls were hung with the mottoes, "Come to Jesus," "He will save you." &c. Having thus fitted up his little sanctuary in as orderly a fashion as his small means permitted, one Sunday evening, in September, 1859, he went from house to house, and from room to room, and finally stood at the corner of the street, inviting his poor friends to come in. His invitation was accepted, and they crowded in and listened curiously to his simple exhortations. A minister or a lay *gentleman* might have failed, but this was "only Thomas Smith." They were not afraid of him.

That very night he announced that on the Tuesday evening he should hold a Temperance Meeting. Drunkenness was the besetting sin of his poor hearers, and he knew that unless he could make head against this foe, there would be little hope of obtaining a patient hearing for his message. On the first Tuesday several signed the pledge; and these weekly meetings were kept up with great spirit and success. In order to provide a substitute for the songs of the public-house, he introduced the Temperance Hymn Book, and sometimes produced verses of his own. These homely rhymes were doubtless more suited to the subject, and to the audience, than anything more poetic and refined.

On the second Sunday he was again at his post. A young friend, who felt a more than common interest in all that concerned him was, by invitation, present. She relates that the room was crowded almost to suffocation. Women were there without bonnets, and men in their working-clothes, evidently all unused to religious worship. He was kneeling in their midst, praying with them most earnestly, and there were tears on the cheeks of not a few. Then, rising, he tried to teach them to sing the hymn he so loved :—

“ There is a fountain filled with blood,  
Drawn from Immanuel's veins,  
And sinners plunged beneath that flood,  
Lose all their guilty stains.

They had no idea of singing, or at least, of *such* singing ; but he went through it with them over and over again, trying with unwearied patience to get them into time and tune. He lived to hear some of these voices tuned to the praises of God, and to entertain the hope that some of them would one day bear a part with him in the “ new song ” in heaven.

At this time he was not earning more than eight shillings a week, and the two shillings and sixpence for the rent of the room was a heavy risk for him. There were also unavoidable expenses for fire and candles. But his faith and courage were put to no lengthened test. His pious master gave him one shilling a week towards the expenses, and his humbler friends in the congregation, becoming aware of his efforts, willingly contributed their weekly pence to make up the amount. His own little savings were then freely spent in tracts, hymn-books, and pictures for the children.

He never ceased to refer with pleasure to a circumstance which occurred soon after he had commenced his labours. This was the unexpected

receipt of a kind note, from the author of "Haste to the Rescue," informing him that she had heard of his effort, and that, having occasion to pay a hasty visit to Bristol, she would like to see him at her hotel. Thither he repaired, and after much kind and encouraging conversation, she consented to meet his humble congregation in Green Street, provided that no intimation of her visit was given to any one besides themselves. On the appointed evening she spoke to them from the words, "The blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth us from all sin." To that meeting he always looked back with intense delight, and her book, which she did not forget to send him, was to the last regarded as one of his greatest treasures.

Thomas Smith had not proclaimed his enterprise to the congregation with whom he had been accustomed to worship. Very quietly and unostentatiously had his work been carried on, but it was not possible that it could remain unknown: and encouraged by his example and success, other friends came forward to offer their personal aid. To meet the expressed wishes of some of the women, a Mother's Sewing Meeting was commenced on Monday evenings, and a Ragged School for boys on Thursday. At the Ragged School Thomas regularly attended, as well as at the prayer-meeting on Friday.

Every evening he was more or less occupied. Sunday evening was his service night; Monday, the Cottage Prayer Meeting; Tuesday evening, the Temperance Meeting; Wednesday, a Bible Class; Thursday, the Ragged School; and Friday, the Prayer Meeting. Night after night was he subjected to the confined air of that low and crowded room, to alternate heat and cold, excitement and exertion. Then he would go home to read, write, think, and pray, often allowing himself only two hours' sleep, and going forth to his daily work at six. Sometimes the night wore away, and the morning broke, finding him still at his little study table, or engaged in prayer. Even while at his daily labour, his mind was not unbent. His thoughts were still directed towards his humble charge in Green Street; and he was pondering over new illustrations to awaken, instruct, and win them. He never spoke of these things. None knew of his sleepless nights or mental efforts, with the exception of the friend who alone shared his confidence.

No human frame could stand such constant pressure. After a few months his health gave way, and he was laid up with a severe attack on the lungs and in the head. When he arose from his sick bed, and attempted to resume his work, he



was the shadow of his former self. Ten days appeared to have added ten years to his age. His cheeks were hollow ; his eyes were sunken ; his healthful colour was gone ; and an ominous cough remained behind. Any effort to speak brought on a distracting pain in his head, and he was compelled to desist. It soon became too evident to others, if not to himself, that consumption had set in. Friends were raised up to pursue his work, and to enter into his labours, and he rejoiced. He often thought he should recover, and he would have been pleased, had it been his Lord's will to return to his beloved work again. "That dear street ; those dear people ! they are on my heart," he would say, and he would steal down to their meetings to see, when he could no longer speak. Yet during sixteen months of weakness and retirement, he never manifested the slightest impatience. He said "he was in the Lord's hands, and that was enough for him."

Mr. W., an equally zealous Christian, had, on Thomas Smith's earnest application, undertaken the superintendence, and the evening meetings were as well attended as before. On the Sunday and Tuesday evenings the low room was crowded to such a degree as to be most unhealthy, and the little inner room was like the Black Hole of Cal-

cutta. The reader may imagine the state of the atmosphere, when seventy or eighty were crowded into a space not fourteen feet square, and scarcely nine feet high. It became evident to the parties interested that a larger room must be obtained, and as no such room presented itself, they agreed to venture on renting a small house in the street. Partitions were thrown down, and a good room, twenty-one feet in length, was secured for general meetings, on the ground floor, and another of the same size for mothers' meetings and Bible classes above. Gas and water were laid on, and fresh paint and paper soon gave the rooms a cheerful aspect. A small covered court behind, with a boiler, proved the very thing for making soup in the winter: and a coffee boiler and large tea-service were provided for Saturday evening use. Thomas Smith watched the alterations with no small satisfaction, and witnessed the completion with a thankful heart.

The absence of all anxious concern about the future was very remarkable in his case. He lived in the spirit of the well-known hymn:—

“ What Thou shalt to-day provide,  
Let me as a child receive;  
What to-morrow may betide,  
Calmly to Thy wisdom leave.  
'Tis enough that Thou wilt care;  
Why should I the burden bare ?

The sympathy of Christian friends verified and rewarded his faith. His kind and skillful medical attendant, Mr. S., prescribed for him without fee, and would often walk down to the Hot Wells to spare Thomas the fatigue of coming up. The chemist, scarcely less interested, supplied him with cod-liver oil, and other medicines, without charge. A few members of the congregation with whom he worshipped, cheerfully subscribed ten shillings per week, hoping that, with rest and care, he might yet be saved. At one time he seemed to rally, and meeting with light employment, which he thought would suit him, he came, with characteristic honesty and simplicity, to relinquish his weekly pension. Three weeks' trial, however, sufficed to prove him quite unequal to the effort. He was compelled to abandon it, and from that time he rapidly declined. He still maintained his cheerfulness, and his child-like simplicity of thought and feeling. He amused himself with books, with his concertina, and with cutting out small wooden models with a penknife: and he was still able to take short walks in the sun. To a friend, who called on him about a fortnight before his death, he remarked that he had become much thinner and weaker, and that he "thought the tabernacle was being taken down." "Does it

depress you? Have you any doubts or apprehensions?" "Oh, no," he replied, readily and cheerfully, "I know that Jesus is mine; and I am His, and I have nothing to fear." Happy Thomas Smith! How many a scholar, how many a statesman, would be thankful at the close of life to be in the position of this simple-minded, unlettered Christian, and to be able to say, "I know that Jesus is mine, and that I have nothing to fear!"

On Thursday evening, August 29th, 1861, he expressed a wish for a drive. It was a sultry evening, and he said he wanted air, and felt unable to walk. He went, and by his own choice was driven to the cemetery. On his return he entered his little sitting-room, and lay down on the sofa, too much exhausted to speak. The friend before mentioned, called in, and found he was unequal to conversation. He pressed her hand gratefully, and replied to her words with a smile so free from care, so peaceful, and so heavenly, that its sweetness still lingers in the memory. At length he attempted to rise and retire as usual, but was unable to do so alone. With great difficulty his kind attendants supported him to his room, on the floor above, and laid him down. His landlady retired, and the faithful friend, whose ministry of love had cheered him

through his protracted sickness, sat in silence by his side. Theirs had been a sorrowful courtship, if indeed such a word be not inappropriate to intercourse so solemn and sacred as theirs. They had not long been engaged before it appeared that her mission would be to smooth his passage to the grave. Tenderly and patiently she fulfilled her trust. Her kind Christian mistress allowed her to go to him daily, after her work was done, and his evenings of solitude and weakness were cheered by her presence. On this night she would not leave him. She felt that the end was near. He lay perfectly composed, but too weak to talk, and she held on her silent watch till about one o'clock in the morning, when he said, "Call Miss H.," (his landlady) "I'm going home." Hastily dressed, and fearing lest she should be too late, Miss H. obeyed the summons. The damps of death were gathering on his brow, and the hue of death was settling on his features. "You are in the valley," she said. "I know it," he replied, "I know it; but Jesus is with me. He has been with me all along, and He will not leave me now." He paused awhile, and then said, "Call mother." This was Miss H.'s aged mother, between seventy and eighty years of age, to whom he had often spoken, and of whom he entertained fears that she was

going down to the grave in the spirit of the Pharisee. He took her hand, and said earnestly, "*Mother do not deceive yourself*, or where I am going, you can never come." His panting breath stopped his utterance, but he was still able to add his testimony to that of many who have preceded him, "Jesus is precious ! He is precious now." He asked to be raised up, and said to his kind nurses, "The Lord will reward you for all your kindness to me." He sighed deeply three times, and so gently passed away.

A very touching scene was his funeral. It was fixed for seven o'clock in the evening, that the poor men who were at work during the day might be able to attend. Eight young men, the pious companions of his choice, carried his remains to the grave, and hundreds of the labouring poor crowded the chapel burial ground. They came neatly dressed, many of them wearing some symbol of mourning, and listened with interest and emotion to the words which were addressed to them. The Rev. S. Luke being then in Italy, the funeral service was performed by Major Tierman, in whose kindred pursuits, Thomas Smith had felt a great interest ; and Mr. W. addressed the throng around the grave. A stone placed there by his fellow members marks the burial place of

this young evangelist. It bears the simple inscription :—

THOMAS SMITH,  
Died August 30th, 1861.  
*Aged 24 Years.*

“ And I heard a voice from heaven saying unto me, Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord, from henceforth. Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours, and their works do follow them.”

“ There is a fountain filled with blood,  
Drawn from Immanuel's veins,  
And sinners plunged beneath that flood,  
Lose all their guilty stains.”

## An Aged Servant of Jesus.

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*Extracted from Boardman's "Higher Christian Life."*

At eighty his athletic frame had begun to tremble under the weight of years, and his manly form to stoop a little—strange if it had not been so. His infirmity, indeed, was so great that his children would no longer willingly consent to his living apart from them, or following his old occupation. "Father," they said to him, "you have done enough already. It is time you gave yourself up to rest. Come, live with us. Let us take care of you. Enjoy the freedom of all our houses. Go where you please, and when you please, and be at home wherever you go. All we have is yours. But work no more, and live no longer by yourself."

This was kind and right. The old man loved his children, and was delighted with this new evidence of their affection for him.

But no; he would not consent to their plan.



For two years more he remained in his own house, and kept up his occupation and his establishment in regular routine.

Meanwhile, however, he visited every family, prayed in every house, and talked personally with every man, woman and child of a suitable age, in a circle of five thousand inhabitants, and many were awakened by his words. He established and maintained also a weekly union prayer meeting, changing from house to house, in a circuit as large as he could extend it. And this was the beginning of a revival which embraced all the churches, and almost all the town in its blessed sweep. And all this was after he was *eighty years old*, and so infirm that his children thought it unsafe for him to keep up his home and live apart from them.

At eighty-two they prevailed. He was constrained to yield to their affectionate urgency, closed his establishment, sold out, and went to make his home with his children. Then, in another town, some forty miles from his former residence, he was thrown into a new field, not of rest, as his children had hoped, but of activity and usefulness. Looking about him, he saw a population of twenty-five hundred or more, with all the usual Church privileges, to be sure, though

without any one really in the spirit of Jesus to care for their souls. So, in the faith of an ever-present Saviour, he put about him his shroud, put on his India rubbers, filled his pockets with tracts, refreshed his spirit at the foot of the cross, and started out on foot, and alone.

With his staff in his hand, trembling with age, he went from house to house, here again, as he had done before in his former shroud, until here again he had entered every habitation, and left there the impressive solemnity of his affectionate warnings and importunate supplications upon every soul.

In this instance he was not permitted to see the fruits of his work in a general revival of religion, as in the other. Not, however, because it did not occur, but because he was taken home to his mansion and to his Master above, before the seed, so abundantly sown by his hand, had ripened into the harvest. His last visit made, his last prayer uttered in the last use of the staff, he went home to his daughter's room for the night, to enter next day, as he purposed, upon a course of visiting such families as he thought his services most needed in.

But his work of going about like his Master, to lay down his life—He lived many weeks, but

went abroad no more while he lived. It was the writer's privilege to see him in his room after this, but some time before his death. The interview will never be forgotten. The bowed and shaking form of the decrepit but noble old patriarch made an impression not to be effaced by time, or crowded out by the images of the multitude since seen thronging the thoroughfare of life. But if his form impressed his words were burned in.

"Ah!" said he, "for twenty years now I have thought it would be nothing to die, but gain. But I did not know. My peace was made. I had learned also that Jesus was my surety and trust for purity and spotlessness as well as for pardon. I was ready—all ready, and waiting. And I thought that at the word, in a moment, when the summons should come, I could joyously strike tent and away. But not: I find it very different. Not so easy as I supposed."

"Ah! how is that, Sir? You are not afraid to die."

"No, not that! Thank God, not that!"

"What then, Sir?"

"O my brother! it is not striking tent, as I supposed—this dying is not. It is pulling down this old house rather, piece by piece: and as the old frame gives way, turn brace after brace, and

timber after timber, apart, it is terrible. And yet, even in this, thanks be to God, my Saviour is with me. He does not forsake me, and His grace is sufficient for me. Sometimes the cry will rise up, 'If it be possible, let this cup pass from me.' Nevertheless, again, always the cheerful words, 'Thy will not mine be done,' well up after the others, and all is hushed and peaceful."

So this venerable man conversed, while I sat charmed at his feet.

Now what was it gave him such a power to bring forth fruit in old age?

Five thousand people visited after he was four-score years old, and twenty-five hundred more after he was four-score and two! What was the power? I asked him. He told me. Let his words to me, as well as I can repeat them, reveal his secret to all.

"I was converted young, in the place of my birth. For forty years I was a member of the church, and a Christian too, as I verily believe without ever having been the means, so far as I know, of the conversion of one soul; and that, too, through all the prime and vigour of my youth and manhood, from twenty to sixty. Sometimes, when I think of it, I am overwhelmed with grief and shame. But I knew no better, I lived as

others in the church did ; kept up all the duties of religion at home and in the church ; kept the Sabbath, prayed, read my Bible, went to the Lord's table, fasted when fast days were appointed, and sometimes when they were not, and often enjoyed the communion of the Spirit, and the fellowship of Christians, and the adoption and heirship of a child of God ; the Spirit witnessing with my spirit that God was my Father ; thankful in prosperity, sustained in adversity, and comforted always by a good hope of glory ; and yet, as I said, *never in all that forty years*, so far as I know, the means of saving one soul." And here tears stole down his furrowed cheeks, the silent witnesses to the sincerity of his regrets.

" At last, when I was sixty years old, God was pleased to visit the people of Utica where I lived, in such power as I had never seen before. Hundreds and hundreds were converted—some from amongst the most hardened and desperate of the people, and others of the most moral and regular. There was a great shaking, too, amongst Christians. Scores gave up hope ; concluded they had been deceived, and came out and took the position of newly awakened sinners, inquiring what they should do to be saved. I myself was seized with conviction—not that I was not a Christian, but

that I was a useless cumberer of the church ; a barren fig tree in the garden of God ; worse it seemed to me, than any unconverted sinner in the world. Forty years of the prime of my life spent in the church and in the nominal service of God, and yet nothing done for the cause ; not one soul won to Jesus. Oh, the thought was too bitter to bear ! Sometimes it seemed as if it would kill me outright ; and when I thought to make amends by a life devoted earnestly to doing good, then Satan taunted me with the idea that it would be a mockery to offer the decrepit and broken remnant of a misspent life to God, and ask Him to use me in my old age to save others.

“ But he could not keep me from making the offer of myself to the Lord. Now, however, the struggle did but just begin ; for in my first attempt to benefit others, my own heart, or rather want of heart, was revealed to me, and in the next effort the conviction of my utter unfitness was deepened, and so on and on, until the weight of my burden was not so much my past barrenness, as my present unfitness to do anything more than I had done in the past.

“ Then came the temptation to stop and say, ‘ Ah ! I am not fit to do anything for God ; I was not made for it ; and if I was, I have lived so long

without using and improving my talent, that it has grown rusty, too rusty ever to be used.' Satan, here again often taunted me, saying, 'Too old to change! Fool, to think of it!' But he did not stop me. My convictions were too deep, my burden too great; I could not stop. The thought of it was worse than the thought of death. And then something whispered hope to me, and I determined never to stop. Then I cried unto God, in my distress, to give me His Spirit, and strengthen me for His service. But I cannot tell you the hundredth part of my struggles and troubles. Resolutions proved vain, and cries for the Holy Spirit no better, until at last, one day, for the first time in my life, I saw that the work of making my heart right, and keeping it right for the work of the Lord, was Christ's, by His own presence in the power of the Holy Ghost; not mine at all. Christ's to save, mine to trust and to serve.

"From that hour I left the Saviour's work in His hands to do, and looked to Him to do it, in the fullest confidence that He would; rejoiced that it was in such good hands—so trustworthy, loving, and true,—and I was not disappointed. From that hour I found it easy to wear the yoke, and to bear the cross; and, to the praise of God's

own condescending love be it said, He has blessed me in His service, and prospered me in the work given me to do. Jesus has been with me every day now these twenty-two years; and every day I have done, in my imperfect way, just the work of the day, as my Saviour has laid it out for me. And one thing I can tell you, my brother, if I have been the instrument of good, it has been the Lord with me, and the Lord within me who has done it, and not I. If the truth concerning Jesus has been in me, a well of water springing up into eternal life, and a fountain from which streams of life have flowed forth, I have been no more than the earthen pitcher which carries the water, or the iron pipe which conducts it. The power is of God. To God be all the glory. He alone is worthy to receive honour, and power, and might, and dominion, and He alone shall have it for ever and ever. Amen."

Such was the story of this aged disciple, ten times more touching and impressive from his trembling lips and sun-lit tear-bedewed face, and speaking eyes, than from the cold pen that writes it.

As he ceased, reflections and questions came crowding up; but a moment only was left before the car-whistle must be obeyed, and the venerable



man left to the quiet and peace of solitary but blessed waiting for his summons in turn.

Some word was dropped about it, and the old man's thoughts flew onward and upward. "Ah, yes," said he, "this is my depôt; I have come to it at last. Here I am, and here I wait. How long my Father in Heaven only knows; but not long. The bell will soon ring—the rush and roar of the train will soon be heard—the sound of invisible pinions. The summons will be given. Not in the shrill voice of the steam-whistle, but in the voice of angel-song, or sweeter still, in the voice of Him whose words are as the sound of many waters, and as the sound of tens of thousands of harpers, harping with their harps. Ah, I long to hear it; I long to see my Redeemer. I long to be with Him where He is, and behold His glory."

Oh, what a lustre shone in his face! Within myself I said "Happy, happy, happy man! Thou indeed hast found, not the fabled, but the true fountain of life! Thou hast stooped and drank of its waters, and eternal youth is thine!"

But that which impressed itself most deeply of all, was the contrast between the forty years of barrenness, the forty best years of his life,—from twenty to sixty,—and the twenty-two years, the

last two, above all, of such noble fruitage to God. Forty years without the known conversion of one single soul from his influence, and the two years after he was eighty, hundreds converted. Ah! here was a contrast to be pondered well by one like me.

And the cause of it too. Faith,—the faith which accepted the command, “*Go ye!*” and obeyed it. And the faith which accepted also the promise in both aspects—the present and the future,—Lo, *I am* with you always, and Lo, *thou shalt* be with me where I am, to behold my glory. His was the faith which gives all and takes all, and therefore has all, and all in Christ,—whom having, there is nothing more it can ask.

In parting with the venerable brother beloved and father revered, one word was dropped to try him as to the source of his complacency, whether it was in himself or in Christ. May it be forgiven if, even in the slightest shade of appearance, it was wanting either in sincerity or respect.

Grasping his hand with the warmth of true admiration and love, (he returned it with interest,) I said, “Well, father. I must leave you to wait here, in your depôt, for the celestial train, that will take you home to glory, and go myself to meet the earthly train that carries me back to my field

of toil. You are all ready and waiting." This was said in the deepest sincerity, and the response was, "Yes, thank God, all ready. Ready, and longing for the summons."

"You have done so much for the Master and His cause, and experienced so much, that you will not be ashamed to meet Him, and be ushered into the presence of the Father, and of the holy angels."

Looking me earnestly in the face, while a shade of sadness and surprise came over the brightness of his countenance, he grasped my hand, and pressed it more warmly than ever, and then placing it between his two, as if to impress the truth upon me, with a double power, he answered:—"No! no, my son, not that! *not THAT!* All I have done is nothing,—all I have experienced, nothing. I am nothing. My righteousness is as filthy rags—at best no better than the torn, tattered, defiled, crossed, condemned notes of a broken bank. It would be an insult to offer it. It would be madness to trust to it. No, no, *no*, my son! Thank God I have a better hope. Jesus is mine, and I am His, and that is enough. He who has been with me through every trial in life, will be with me in death. His grace will suffice. I shall not be ashamed to meet Him, for He has bought me

with His blood, and sealed me by His Spirit. And I shall not be ashamed to go into the presence of His Father and my Father, for He will change me into His own heavenly image of spotless glory, and being like Him, I shall be like all who are His. Jesus is all in all. Good bye—May Jesus go with you, and be with you evermore.”

So we parted.

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## The Spirit and the Truth.

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*Extracted from “The Tongue of Fire.”*

Not a few of those who, if formally expressing their belief, would maintain that the Spirit is to abide with the Church in all ages; that the idea of impossibility in His communing with man, is absurd, and the cry of mystery unmeaning; nevertheless, in practice, effectually shut out His agency from their own view, and that of those who may be under their influence, by continually speaking of the truth, the truth only as the power to renew this sinful world. Far be it from us to undervalue holy truth, and, above all, that truth which flows untainted from the fount of inspira-

tion ; but a truth, even when Divine, is never more than a *declaration of what is*. It is not the power which renews the human soul, but the instrument of that power ; not the electric current, but the conductor along which the current flows.

You may teach a man the holiest truths, and yet leave him a wretched man. Many who learn in childhood that "GOD IS LOVE," live disregarding, and die blaspheming, God. Thousands who are carefully taught, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved," neglect so great salvation all their days. Some of the most wicked and miserable beings that walk the earth are men into whose conscience, when yet youthful and unsophisticated, the truth was carefully instilled. Did the mere truth suffice to renew, there are towns, districts, aye, countries, where all would be saints.

Unmindful of this, and not considering the danger of diverting faith from the power to the instrument, however beautiful and perfect the instrument may be, many good men, by a culpable inadvertence, constantly speak as if the truth had an inherent ascendancy over man, and would certainly prevail when justly presented. We have heard this done till we have been ready to ask "Do they take men for angels, that mere truth is

to captivate them so certainly?" Aye, and even to ask, "Have they ever heard whether there be any Holy Ghost?"

The belief that truth is mighty, and *by reason of its might*, must prevail, is equally fallacious in the abstract, as it is opposed to the facts of human history, and to the Word of God. We should take the maxim, that truth must prevail, as perfectly sound, did you only give us a community of angels on whom to try the truth.

With every intellect clear, and every heart upright, doubtless truth would soon be discerned, and when discerned, cordially embraced. But truth, in descending among us, does not come among friends. The human heart offers ground whereon it meets error at an immeasurable disadvantage. Passions, habits, interests, aye, nature itself, lean to the side of error, and though the judgment may assent to the truth, which, however, is not always the case, still error may gain a conquest only the more notable because of this impediment. Truth is mighty in pure natures, error in depraved ones.

Those who compliment Truth upon her might have need of much self-possession. What world do they dwell in, that they can utter such flattery under the gaze of her clear and sober eye? What

are these nations yet neglecting commercial and political truth, though all their interests invite them to embrace it? What these "enlightened" populations that have had religious truth again and again held up in their view, but have angrily rejected it, though to the entailing upon themselves innumerable social disadvantages? Where is the town where truth always prevails, or the village where error wins no victories? Do they who know human nature best, when they have a political object to carry, trust most of all to the power of truth over a constituency? Or would they not have far more confidence in corruption and revelry? The whole history of man is a melancholy reproof to those who mouth about the mightiness of truth.

"But," they say, "truth will prevail in the long run." Yes, blessed be God, it will; but not because of its own power over human nature, but because the Spirit will be poured out from on high, opening the blind eyes, and unstopping the deaf ears.

The sacred writings, while ever leading us to regard the truth as the one instrument of the sinner's conversion and the believer's sanctification, are very far from proclaiming its power over human nature, merely because it is truth.

On the contrary, they often shew us that this very fact will enlist the passions of mankind against it, and awaken enmity instead of approbation. We are ever pointed beyond the truth, to Him who is the Source and Giver of truth; and though we had Apostles to deliver the Gospel, are ever led not to deem it enough that it should be "in word only, but in demonstration of the Spirit and in power."

We well know that many who speak of the truth as accomplishing all, do not mean the truth without the Spirit to apply it; but what is meant ought to be said. Hold fast the truth as an instrument divinely adapted and altogether necessary; but, in magnifying the instrument, never forget or pass by the agent. The Spirit in the truth, in the preacher, in the hearer; the Spirit first, the Spirit last, ought to be remembered, trusted in, exalted, and not set aside for any more captivating name. There should never be even the distant appearance of wishing to avoid avowing a belief in the supernatural, or to reduce Christianity to a system capable, at all points, of metaphysical analysis. If no supernatural power is expected to attend the Gospel, its promulgation is both insincere and futile.

Those who would exclude the Divine Being



from His own universe, have been often exclaimed against, and justly ; but how much more may *they* be exclaimed against who would exclude Him from His own church, and from communion with His children? Had His power been exhausted by the act of creating and establishing the Church, and then had He committed its future course to the development of natural laws and the inherent power of the truth, Himself retiring from all action in the great battle whereupon He had set His servants, we might reasonably look upon Christianity as a religion which perhaps was better than others, more serviceable to the social interests of those who embrace it, and more genial in its influence upon the destiny of mankind ; but higher motives than these for its propagation, or greater strength for the men who undertake the task, could not be calculated on. So far, however, from this being the case, the express promise with regard to the Spirit was, “ He shall abide with you for ever ;” and when about to leave the disciples as to His bodily presence, the Saviour said, “ And, Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world.” A presence this, better than a bodily presence ; a presence by His Spirit and His power, whereby the souls of His children are made glad, and their

hearts made strong, not in some solitary village of Galilee for the evening, but at the same hour all over the earth, wherever two or three are gathered together in His name. That presence will never be withdrawn whilst there is a believer whose heart embraces the promise ; and such believers will not fail whilst the world stands. So far from anything in Scripture countenancing the idea that Christians of all subsequent ages were to be deprived of that Divine help, which constituted the strength and holiness of the primitive disciples, we have no intimation that they were to be even inferior in spiritual attainments. On the contrary, everything countenances the expectation that as generation succeeds generation, the influence of holy faith and holy example, will steadily tend to the elevation of the standard.

As Christianity makes progress among a population, every new household which becomes imbued with it is an additional power towards elevating the standard of character in that neighbourhood. It is impossible to calculate the influence exerted, even in a country like our own, where religion has yet so much to do, upon those who are still ungodly. In many points their consciences have been trained, by force of example and precept, to a tenderness and activity which Christian doctrine

alone could give ; and as age after age rolls on, and the proportion between saints and sinners becomes altered, the latter diminishing, the former growing, the image of God in man will be yet more and more brightly seen, if not more conspicuously in some rare and blessed individuals, yet much more generally, as a common ornament and glory of human nature. For a Christian now to expect to be made as holy by the grace of God as the saints of the New Testament, so far from being presumption, is scarcely a worthy measure of faith.

Were it once proved that our moral strength in the present day was natural, then, indeed, might we reasonably limit our expectations, but not to partial attainments and incomplete holiness ; for on that ground the reasonable limitation would be, not, "We shall attain to much, though not as much as the early Christians," but "we shall attain to nothing."

Our Lord's word is not, "without me ye can do *little*," but "without me ye can do *nothing*." If it then be settled that in this age, as in the first, our strength is not of nature, but of the Lord, the reasonable range of our expectation, now as then, is to be measured by His glorious power. The question no longer is, of what are we capable in ourselves, or by ourselves ? but what can He per-

form? and to what extent can He manifest forth His glory by making us monuments of His power, and mirrors to display His image? That grace of His which was shed so plentifully on the believers of the first days, is not an intermittent radiance, like the flash of a human eye, but is steady as the glory which streams from the face of the sun. Waning or exhaustion it does not know; and from age to age, from generation to generation, His saints will grow more and more mature, human life will increasingly reflect the glory of the Lord, and display His power to make weak mortals, beset with temptation, meet to be partakers of the inheritance of the saints in light.

Some who gladly admit that the Church, generally, may advance in Christian virtues, yet hesitate to believe that individual Christians in our day are to enjoy the same comforts of the Spirit as were so conspicuous in the primitive Christians. Among these latter nothing is more noticeable than filial confidence and joy: their interest in the death and intercession of Christ, their consciousness of regeneration, of deliverance from sins once reigning over them, their clear foretaste of heaven, and their peace in the prospect of death, shine throughout the New Testament, and all the early records of the Church. This was the natural "fruit of the Spirit,"—the natural

effect of such a Comforter as the Redeemer had promised dwelling in the heart.

As we before said that a religion without the Holy Spirit would not be Christianity, so we may say, that religionists without the Spirit in their hearts would not be Christians. "Ye are in the Spirit, *if so be* that the Spirit of God dwell in you. Now if *any man have not the Spirit of Christ, he is none of His.*" It requires much of that cold daring which men may acquire as to things spiritual, for any one who even respects, though he should not study, the record of Christianity at its source, to teach that it is not a common privilege of believers to enjoy a sense of their salvation, and to walk in the light of God's forgiving countenance. No scrap of holy writ even seems to favour this attempt to sink modern Christians to a point almost infinitely below that of ancient ones; for who can measure the distance between a soul which is singing, "we know that we have passed from death unto life," and one that is saying, "I cannot hope to know, till death strikes me, whether or not I shall escape dying for ever!"

A change more serious can hardly be imagined in the relations of the Lord to His people, than would take place under the Christian dispensation, if, beginning by enabling believers to say, "We

have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens," He ended by leaving them in utter doubt as to their future destiny; if, beginning by giving them a sense of His favour, clear as day, unspeakably joyful, He ended by leaving them to serve Him throughout life without ever feeling conscious that He smiled upon them.

It is trifling at once with a man's common sense, and with his most sacred hopes and fears, to tell him that he is called with the same calling as the early believers, by the voice of the same Redeemer, under the same covenant of grace, and with the same promise of adoption; but that, while his brother, ages ago, had "peace with God," and "joy unspeakable and full of glory," knew himself to be a child and then an heir of God, and daily felt that heaven was his home, he is to proceed on his pilgrimage without any of these comforts, and learn at the end whether or not his soul has to perish. Who has given any man the right to assert that such a change has taken place in the relation of the adopting Father to His adopted children, affirming Him to have grown, in our age, too indifferent to soothe their hearts, and make them partakers of the joy which He spreads among the angels when He declares that "the lost is found?"













